# CATHOLIC DIGEST

DECEMBER, 1960 - 35c

INTERFAITH DIALOGNE

SECRETARY MITCHELL ON YOUR JOB AND YOUR AGE

THE FIRST NEW YORKER



# Contains Earth From Catacombs of ROME IMPORTED from the HOLY CITY





#### "Because I was nervous to my fingertips, my doctor started me on Postum."

"You can imagine how it worried me, when I found it hard to thread a needle! Of course I wasn't sleeping very well, but I hadn't realized how unsteady I'd become. Time to see the doctor, I told myself.

"'Can't find anything wrong,' the doctor told me, 'unless maybe you've been drinking too much coffee.' It seems some people can't take the caffein in coffee. 'Change to Postum,' the doctor advised. 'It's 100% caffein-free—can't make you nervous or keep you awake!'

"Well—I've been blessing the doctor and Postum ever since! My nerves are much steadier, I sleep much better, and I really enjoy drinking Postum. My only regret is that I didn't change to Postum sooner!"

#### Postum is 100% coffee-free

Another fine product of General Foods.



BER 2	The Interfaith Dialogue	12
VOLUME 25 . NUMBER	Death by Driving	18
	The Wistful World of Brother Juniper	23
	Sleepwalking: Fact, Fallacy, or Fancy?	28
960	Gregorian Chant in English	32
DECEMBER, 1960	Anchorage: Husky Youngster	35
	Broken Home, Broken Hearts	41
	The First New Yorker	43
CONTENTS /	Found: A Fallout Filter	49
	How I Learned Not to HateOllie Stewart  It took me 17 years to get over one insult	52
	America's Favorite Gal FridayRay Kerrison Ann Sothern: charming actress and astute businesswoman	57
	Monsignor "Alfalfa George"	69
_	Why We Have a Saviour	73
DIGEST	My Endangered Daughter	76
	Names Are His Game	80
	Christmas Cards Are Clues to Character	84
I	Northland Parish	88
V		

(Continued on page 4)

Published monthly. Subscription price, one year: \$4; 2 years: \$7; 3 years: \$10; 5 years: \$15. Same rates for 2 or more yearly subscriptions, which may include your own. Second-class postage paid at St. Paul, Minn, Copyright 1960 by The Catholic Digest, Inc. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Printed in U.S.A.

C





## Year after year, the highest awards go to the wines of The Christian Brothers

From 1955 to 1960, the wines of The Christian Brothers have won more awards than those of any other winery at the official California wine judgings.\*

THESE awards hold a meaning for you. They prove you will be rewarded with consistently superb quality in The Christian Brothers Wines in bottle after bottle, year after year. And you do not have to be an expert to appre-

ciate these magnificent wines.

There are easier ways of making wine. The Brothers chose their way long ago. They labor in an ancient tradition of excellence, and see no reason at all to change.

\*Sacramento State Fair and Los Angeles County Fair.

Produced and bottled by The Christian Brothers of California, makers of fine wines, sparkling wines and brandy. Sole Distributors: Fromm and Sichel, Inc., New York, N. Y., Chicago, Ill., New Orleans, La., San Francisco, Calif.

国内	• •	
VOLUME	The Over-40 Myth	92
096	What a Woman Should Know About Her Car Star Weekly Magazine Be alert, and save yourself time and money	96
DEC., 1960	A Mountain of Monks"Disputed Questions" Thomas Merton describes Athos, monastic center for 1,000 years	100
/ DE	Men From Other Planets?	105
NTS	Little Joe Comes to America (III)"The Rascal and the Pilgrim" "The end of my story is really a beginning"	109
CONTENTS	What Would You Like to Know About the Church?J. D. Conway Are riches a mark of virtue?	121
ST/CO	The Catholic Digest Family Shopper	130
ES	Flights of Fancy 27-In Our House 31-People Are Like	

Flights of Fancy 27—In Our House 31—People Are Like That 48—Hearts Are Trumps 51—New Words for You 62—The Open Door 64—In Our Parish 87—The Perfect Assist 99

Entertainment 6—Sacred Signs 10 Catholic Digest Book Club Selection 119 Cover painting by Alejandro Rangel Hidalgo

#### Send Subscriptions to this address: 2959 N. Hamline Ave., St. Paul 13, Minn. (Rates on page 2)

President Louis A. Gales
Editor Kenneth Ryan
Assistant Editors Edward A. Harrigan,
Henry Lexau, Maurice Murray, Joseph B. Connors
Assistant Vice Pres. Walter J. Beggin
Publisher Paul Bussard

44 E. S3d Street, New York 22, N.Y.
Vice Pres. Msgr. Patrick J. Ryan
Vice President. Robert C. Morrow
Executive Editor. Jone McCarriby
Book Editor Francis B. Thornton
Assistant Editor. Kay Sullivan
Advertising Representatives McClanaban
& Co., 235 Madison Ave., New York City 17;
Raymond J. Ryan & Co., 35 E. Wacker Drive,
Chicago I, Ill.; John R. Kimball & Co., 420 Market
St., San Francisco 11, Call

ENGLAND AND IRELAND: Catholic Digest, 2 Wellington Road, Ballsbridge, Dublin, Ireland.

BELGIUM: Katolieke Digest, Doelveldstraat 31, Edegem—Antwerp.

THE NETHERLANDS: Katholiek Vizier,

Rokin 60, Amsterdam, ITALY: Sintesi dal Catholic Digest, Via S, Antonio 5, Milan.

GERMANY: Katholischer Digest, 39 Herstallstrasse, Aschaffenburg.

FRANCE: Ecclesia Digest Catholique, 18-20 rue du Saint-Gothard, Paris XIV.

Foreign subscriptions at \$4 a year should be sent to addresses given, not to St. Paul office. "All that rings true, all that commands reverence, and all that makes for right; all that is pure, all that is lovely, all that is gracious in the telling; virtue and merit, wherever virtue and merit are found—let this be the argument of your thoughts" (St. Paul in his letter to the Philippians Chapter 4).

This is the argument of THE CATHOLIC DIGEST. Its contents, therefore, may come from any source, magazine, book newspaper, syndicate, of whatever language, of any writer. Of course, this does not mean approval of the "entire source' but only of what is published.



# CATHOLIC TREASURY OF WIT AND HUMOR

Edited by PAUL BUSSARD and the Editors of the CATHOLIC DIGEST With an Introduction by PETER LIND HAYES

At last, the book prepared especially for the readers of the Catholic Digest—THE CATHOLIC TREASURY OF WIT AND HUMOR. The best jokes and anecdotes appearing in the Catholic Digest since the magazine's founding in 1936 have been collected into this one handsome volume by Father Paul Bussard and the editors of the Catho-

lic Digest for your enjoyment. It is a book chockful of chuckles and snorts as well as warm human fellowship, with jokes and anecdotes by famous humorists such as Art Linkletter, Joe E. Brown, H. Allen Smith, Frank Sullivan, Art Buchwald, Phyllis McGinley, Jean Kerr and hundreds of others. Not only will such famous people make you laugh, but here are contribu-

tions from hundreds of persons like the rest of us who set down what they laughed at about themselves, about the great and near great, about life in small parishes, family living, the animal kingdom, the world of arts and letters, wearers of the cloth, and even small fry. Peter Lind Hayes, in his introduction to THE CATHOLIC TREASURY OF WIT AND HUMOR, has this to say about the book: "I can guarantee that you'll find this collection of humorous sayings, gags, anecdotes and yarns culled from the pages of the Catholic Digest diverting indeed. They run the

gamut from bright sayings of bright youngsters and witty barbs of the great and near great, to heartwarming humor from home and parish, plus a wide variety of boffolas from literature, theater and other assorted aspects of civilization." Really—this is a nine-ring circus of all our incongruities and absurdities . . . . a bright and beaming gift to a harassed world . . . . a book to be kept on your bedside table beside the aspirin, benzedrine and soothing syrup. It may be good for what ails you. Obtain your copy of this rollicking collection of jokes and anecdotes. Just fill in and mail the coupon below for your copy. A perfect gift for a friend, too. Order today!



4.95



CAT	HC	LIC DI	GEST				
2959	N.	Hamline	Ave.,	St.	Paul	13,	Minn.

Send me \_\_\_\_ copies of THE CATHOLIC TREASURY
OF WIT AND HUMOR at \$4.95 per copy.

Remittance enclos	ad.

Rill	950.00

Name

ranie

City..... Zone.... State.....

CD-1260

#### Handsome Living for the Swiss Family Robinson

If the Swiss Family Robinson were shipwrecked today, they surely would want the calamity supervised by Walt Disney. Disney has taken the classic adventure story, set it in an alluring tropical paradise, given hardships a dash of Hollywood glitter, and made family togetherness, even on a desert isle, seem an enviable way of life.

That famous tree house, dreamed of by so many small boys with an urge to run away, becomes a kind of rustic Swiss chalet with more comforts than a suburban split-level. Far from being a bore, isolation has its constant charms: the family goes swimming, swinging from branches into a clear mountain pool. Or they run races with elephant,

#### By Kay Sullivan

ostrich, dog, and monkey. Even fighting off pirates can be fun, with the Family Robinson creating ingenious weapons from fruit.

The cast is splendid to a man or, rather, to a boy—keeping in mind the scene-stealing antics of Kevin Corcoran as young Francis. English actor John Mills is the stalwart family head; Dorothy McGuire, the sweetly understanding mother. James MacArthur and Tommy Kirk are outstanding as brothers Fritz and Ernst. Janet Munro charmingly portrays the girl they rescue from pirates.

Swiss Family Robinson is a treat for eyes and heart. It is bound to make many a captive of civilization yearn for a one-way ticket to Tobago, BWI, where the \$5 million Technicolor film was made.

Swiss Family Robinson land on pirate island after shipwreck. Left to right, Kevin Corcoran, John Mills, Tommy Kirk, Dorothy McGuire, James MacArthur.





IN THE CHURCH, the Norelco may be used to record and playback meetings and sermons. Easily portable, it may also be used for missionary work, social affairs, and as an invaluable aid to education. The Norelco is in daily use at leading universities and music schools.

can preserve your family's activities together this Christmas, and for a lifetime. You can use it to make your own stereo or monophonic tapes, and enjoy the world's finest music from the unlimited libraries of prerecorded tapes.

Completely self-contained for 3-speed, 4-track stereo or mono recording and playback, including: dual recording and playback preamplifiers, dual power amplifiers, two Norelco wide-range loudspeakers (second in detachable lid), and exclusive stereo-dynamic microphone.

\*Guild-crafted by Philips of the Netherlands, the audio research center of the world responsible for the acoustical perfection of SS Peter and Paul in Philadelphia.

For complete literature on the '400', or the more economical model '300' write:

NORTH AMERICAN PHILIPS COMPANY, INC. High Fidelity Products Division 230 Duffy Ave., Hicksville, Long Island, New York



#### Little Girl Going Places With a Horse

Thirteen-year-old Lori Martin is a fetching young newcomer to TV screens. She stars in National Velvet, a new NBC-TV Sunday-night series based on the best-selling Enid Bagnold novel of the same name. Back in 1944 it was a hit movie.

Lori portrays Velvet Brown, the little girl who loves horses and dreams of winning a steeplechase in England.

Although she has been acting in movies and on television since she was seven, her latest assignment brought dramatic challenges she hadn't met before.

"The hardest thing for me to do is cry for the cameras," says Lori. "You have to think of something awful sad and think of your lines at the same time—you really need two thinkers."

One episode called for her to slap a boy. "Not a real hard slap," she explains, "but I rather liked it. I have a brother who is a rascal at times, and this was good experience for me."

Besides the rascal brother, Stephen, 11, Lori has a twin sister, Doree, and a sister Jean, 16. Her parents are Russell and Dora Mae Menzer. Mr. Menzer is an art director at Warner Brothers studio.

Lori is four feet, seven inches tall, with blue eyes and long dark hair that she combs incessantly because "it gets bumpy." Her delicate air can be deceiving. Her teacher calls her a lightning bug "because she's always on the move and never stops."

In New York City for a week recently, Lori proved her tirelessness. She



Lori Martin with King

did 29 interviews to boost interest in her new show, went sightseeing between appointments.

"What I liked best was going to Mass with my mother at St. Patrick's cathedral," she said. "It's just the biggest, most beautiful church I ever was in."

Seasoned performer that she is, Lori had ready comments to make to the press on any and all subjects. Some samples follow.

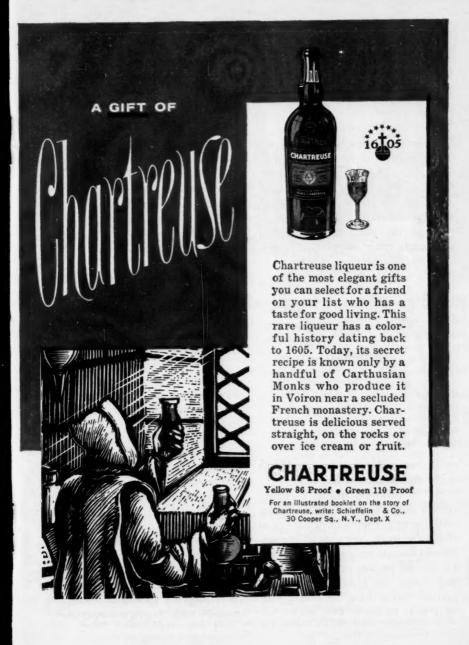
On her looks: "I think TV makes me look much too young."

On food: "My favorite meal is steak, pecan pie, and chocolate malted."

On a career: "I plan on acting for years—maybe till I'm 25."

On sharing fame with a horse: "He's a good friend—I make sure by giving him carrots."

On East vs. West Coasts: "In New York you have to keep asking what floor you're on. We don't live that high in California,"



### Striking the Breast

By Romano Guardini Condensed from "Sacred Signs"\* The blow is meant to shake the soul awake

When the priest begins Mass, the faithful, or the servers in their stead, say, "I confess to Almighty God . . . that I have sinned exceedingly in thought, word, and deed, through my fault, through my most grievous fault," and each time they confess their



guilt they strike their breasts. What is the significance of this act?

All its meaning lies in its being rightly done. To brush one's clothes with the tips of one's fingers is not to strike the breast. We should beat upon our breasts with our closed fists. In the old picture of St. Jerome in the desert, he is kneeling on the ground and striking his breast with

a stone. It is an honest blow, not an elegant gesture. To strike the breast is to beat against the gates of our inner world in order to shatter them.

That inner world should be full of light, strength, and active energy. Is it? We should search earnestly to find how it really stands with us within.

And when we do reflect, what do we see? We see our lives trifled away, God's Commandments transgressed, duties neglected. We are stirred to anger against ourselves, and we punish ourselves with a blow.

The blow also is to wake us up. It is to shake the soul awake into the consciousness that God is calling, so that she may hear, and take his part and punish herself.

Before Communion also we strike our breasts when the priest holds up the Body of the Lord for us to see, and we say, "Lord, I am not worthy that Thou shouldst enter under my roof." But in this custom the force of the meaning has been weakened, as it has been also when the Host or Chalice is lifted up. The gesture in these instances has come to mean no more than reverence or humility. Its astringency should be restored.

\*© 1956 by Pio Decimo Press, Box 53, Baden Station, St. Louis 15, Mo., and reprinted with permission. Illustrated by William Cladek. \$2.50 (cloth); \$1.75 (paper). 106 pp.



#### Imagine doing this every day - yipes!

After a three-evening hassle with Christmas cards, it dawns on tycoon-tobe, J. Thrist Upturn, that mailing is a mean, tedious, messy job; and that's why the girls in his office keep talking up a postage meter!

Up to now, Mr. U (and possibly you?) had metered mail pegged only with big business. The notion couldn't be wronger! Now even the smallest business or office can have all the benefits of metered mail. Among the users of the DM, desk model postage meter, one-third average less than a dollar a day in postage—like it for its convenience.

The benefits? First off, no stamps. No stamp sticking. No running out of the right stamp. No stamp box, guarded like the family jools!

A postage meter *prints* directly on the envelope the right stamp for any kind of

mail. Or on special gummed tape for parcel post. Also prints your own small ad, if you want one. Seals as well as stamps the envelope. Makes mailing fast and easy, saves time and postage. And anybody can use a postage meter.

Your meter is set by the postoffice for as much postage as you want to buy. Metered postage is protected from loss, damage, misuse; and is automatically accounted for. And metered mail needs less time in the postoffice, often makes earlier trains and planes.

There's a meter model to fit your needs. Ask the nearest Pitney-Bowes office to show you. Or send coupon for free illustrated booklet.

FREE: Handy desk or wall chart of postal rates, with parcel post map and zone finder.



## Pitney-Bowes POSTAGE METERS

Made by the leading manufacturer of mailing machines...139 branch offices.

	US POSTACE
(Socood)	AND CONTRACT
YOUR	DATE THE
HERE	L 1 U4
2	O 00000

PITNEY-BOWES, INC.
8182 Pacific Street, Stamford, Conn.
Send free booklet postal rate chart to:
Name
Address

### The Interfaith Dialogue

By Robert McAfee Brown
Condensed from "An American Dialogue"\*

A minister suggests six ground rules for fruitful discussions between Protestants and Catholics.

THE WORD dialogue has burst full-blown into the battle-scarred field of Catholic-Protestant relations. That word is in danger of becoming trivialized by overuse, but it remains essential. A dialogue implies that two persons, or two groups, are both speaking and listening.

Everybody agrees that there should be dialogue, but what is not so clear is how it should be conducted. I should like to go beyond the genial generality that dialogue is a good thing, to propose some of the conditions that ought to prevail if the dialogue is to prove fruitful. Here are six possible ground rules.

1. Each partner must believe that the other is speaking in good faith. As long as the Catholic feels that the Protestant is simply trying to get the inside story on hierarchical politics, so that he can exploit it afar, the Catholic is going to be understandably reticent. As long as the Protestant feels that Catholic talk about "democracy" or "tolerance" is expediency, designed to cover up the "real" Catholic position, he will preclude the possibility of any good emerging from the discussion. Any

Dr. Brown, a Presbyterian minister, is Auburn Professor of Systematic Theology at Union Theological seminary in New York City. The book from which this article has been condensed, "An American Dialogue," is subtitled "A Protestant Looks at Catholicism and a Catholic Looks at Protestantism." The latter half of the book is by Father Gustave Weigel, S.J., Professor of Ecclesiology at Woodstock college School of Divinity, Woodstock, Md.

\*© 1960 by Gustave Weigel, S.J., and Robert McAfee Brown, and reprinted with the permission of Doubleday & Co., Inc., 575 Madison Ave., New York City 22. 216 pp. \$2.95.

dialogue must assume a common devotion to truth.

But in the Catholic-Protestant dialogue, we must count on something much more significant than a common devotion to truth. We must count on a common devotion to the One who said, "I am the . . . truth." We must believe that the other partner speaks in good faith because we are both servants of Jesus Christ. Catholic-Protestant discussion has a tremendous advantage over other interfaith discussions: the partners share a faith in Jesus Christ.

Sharing this faith makes us brethren. Some of my Protestant friends feel that there is an attitude of condescension in the Catholic description of Protestants as "separated brethren." I do not share that feeling, I think the phrase is an excellent one, for it describes exactly what we are.

No matter who has done the separating, separated we are, nonetheless. But we are also and most basically brethren. The adjective may modify the noun but it does not displace it. I am heartened by the feeling that in the current dialogue Catholics are tending to speak less and less of "separated brethren" and more and more of "separated brethren."

2. Each partner must have a clear understanding of his own faith. He must be eager to express his position, and willing to have it scrutinized.

I see no problem here for the Catholic. At present, any Catholic participant in the dialogue must be carefully chosen and approved. He will know that the fullness of the Catholic faith must be presented without compromise or watering down to make it initially more palatable.

Something of a problem exists here for the Protestant, because Protestant faith by its very nature cannot be articulated with quite the precision of Catholic thought, and because of a long-standing, baleful American tendency to equate the Protestant faith with "what I find appealing." Part of the Protestant task, therefore, will be to engage in some strenuous intramural debate, so that it may discover more accurately what things are and are not essential to its proclamation. (The existence of the World Council of Churches has considerably hastened this process.)

3. Each partner must strive for a clear understanding of the faith of the other. Neither partner has a right to waste the other's time by starting in total ignorance of the other's position. Both groups must do some homework in advance. Many misunderstandings can be dispelled by a little honest reading.

However, not even honest reading will ever provide a full understanding of the faith of the other. This can only come as a result of dialogue. Only in a face-to-face encounter will the most deep-seated misunderstandings be cleared up. It was not until I had a long discussion with a Catholic friend that I could see anything

more than a bit of scholastic logic chopping in the distinction between the worship of God and the veneration of Mary. And I hope that my friend now realizes that Protestantism is not just "an aggregate of different religious forms of free thought," as Gabriel Monod has so

wrongly asserted.

Both the Catholic and the Protestant must show a willingness to interpret the faith of the other in its best light rather than its worst. This sounds obvious in principle but it is far from obvious in practice. Too many Protestants, when they do trouble to read a papal encyclical, read it simply to discover further examples of what they politely call papal dominance and less politely call thought control. They study Catholic literature simply to add fuel to their anti-Catholic fires. (Ironically enough, the fact that there is increasing self-criticism in modern Catholic circles helps to make the blaze burn more brightly, but the irony escapes the fire watchers.)

So, too, some Catholics seem constitutionally incapable of taking seriously the notion that anything good came out of the Reformation, or that Martin Luther was anything but an arrogant monk who couldn't submit to discipline. Plenty of sins on both sides can be exploited. Those who want to exploit them can have a field day. They can have everything

except fruitful dialogue.

I do not mean that we should pretend that grievous sins were never committed. I mean that the best should be our norm rather than the worst. If Protestants want to be appraised in terms of Reinhold Niebuhr rather than Carl McIntyre, they must be willing to evaluate the papacy in terms of John XXIII rather than John XXII.

Each partner must maintain a continual willingness to revise his understanding of the faith of the other. Dialogue can be a very dangerous pastime, for it may force us to give up some of our most cherished caricatures, and these die hard. It is really rather comfortable for a Protestant to believe that the Catholic formula "outside the Church there is no salvation" is the equivalent of "all non-Catholics go to hell," for then he can use words like intolerance, bigot, and spiritual pride. But if he thinks that is the actual teaching of the Church, the dialogue will let him in for some real surprises, and he will find that he has to change his tune.

The Catholic may also have some rude shocks in store for him. I have found that most Catholics look on Protestantism as sheer private individualism, each person believing whatever he pleases, subject to no higher authority than the whim of the moment. It will be disconcerting to them to discover Protestants who live under the corporate discipline of the Word of God, who believe expressly that they must live in utter subjection to that Word, and who believe in the real presence of Jesus

Christ in the sacrament, to say nothing of affirming that "outside the church there is no salvation."

Let the work of dialogue proceed, then, if only that both partners may engage in the noble work of caricature assassination.

4. Each partner must accept responsibility in humility and penitence for what his group has done, and is doing, to foster and perpetuate division. Canon Southcott, an Anglican parish priest, reports a discussion with a Catholic priest, during the course of which the latter said, "You know, it was our fault at the Reformation." To which, Canon Southcott comments, there are only two possible replies: either "Of course it was" or "It was our fault, too." The latter response is beginning to carry weight in Protestant-Catholic discussions and is being voiced on both sides.

No reputable Catholic historian any longer denies that things were in a sorry state in 16th-century Christendom, And Pope Adrian VI's statement about the Church deserving judgment for its iniquities is coming back into circulation. Conversely, few Protestants any longer try to make the 16th century into the Golden Age of Protestantism. If we do not subscribe to the notion that the Reformation threw the baby out with the bath, at least in the somewhat calmer ecclesiastical atmosphere of the 20th century we are re-examining the possible use of some things that were thrown out.

Many Catholics are saying today that the perpetuation of the divisions of Christendom is due not simply to Protestant wrongheadedness, but to the wrong kind of Catholic intransigence as well. Protestants can acknowledge that for centuries the Protestant tendency was to divide Christendom ever and ever more disastrously, and that if the ecumenical movement is reversing this trend it is still building on the wreckage of three centuries.

Such admissions simply recognize that we all contribute to the perpetuation of division in a Christendom which Christ clearly wills to be one. Each side, in other words, bears responsibility for the fact that Christendom is divided. Fortunately, one of the prayers which Catholics and Protestants pray together contains the petition, "Forgive us our trespasses."

5. Each partner must forthrightly face the issues which cause separation, as well as those which create unity. Certain disputants simply want to stress the difference between Catholicism and Protestantism, but others, in the name of a false kind of Christian charity, are unwilling to face the differences lest the atmosphere be soiled. Either avenue leads to the destruction of dialogue; the first because cynicism deepens separation, and the second because sentimentality usually ends in disillusionment.

Far better that each partner recognize at the start that no amount of

emphasis upon points held in common will dissipate the differences which still remain. There is no half-way house, for example, between believing 1. that the Pope is infallible, and 2. that the Pope is not infallible. Not even the combined genius of Catholic and Protestant theology could produce a satisfactory middle term; there is no such thing as being a little bit infallible.

The differences ought to be recognized openly, as long as they are not the *only* factors recognized. If they are stressed first, they may provide psychological deterrents to the start of dialogue. If they are stressed fifth (as they are here) they may keep the dialogue on a realistic track.

There is always a possibility that some of the differences may turn out to be less divisive than originally thought. Catholic theologians in Germany are now discussing what the Council of Trent really meant by "justification," and some are arguing that the best restatement of Trent has been given by the Protestant theologian Karl Barth! If that should be so, it will represent a real gain for both sides; there will be one less area for nasty polemics.

Airing of differences may also make clear that the cleavages are much deeper than the partners to the dialogue had previously thought. The Protestant who naïvely hopes that Catholics will "give up" certain beliefs for the sake of unity (such as the infallibility of the Pope) is in for a depressing experience. The

Catholic who hopes that Protestants can be brought back into Catholicism by the concession of some "fringe benefits" (such as a married clergy or permission to sing Charles Wesley's hymns during Mass) is going to discover that Protestant convictions run deeper than that.

If the recognition of differences is likely to accentuate them, what is the point of talking at all? The prospect would indeed be discouraging if there were not a final ingredient necessary for the dialogue, the most

important of all.

6. Each partner must recognize that all that can be done with the dialogue is to offer it up to God. What happens as a result of the dialogue must be left strictly in his hands. If something is to issue from it, He will see to it that something does. If, in typical American fashion, we are impatient for "results," we will simply have to learn something about the patience of God, or we will try his patience yet further. While there is always a possibility that conversion may result from conversation, it will be a betrayal if we feel that the dialogue has been a failure because conversion has not taken place.

We must not, in other words, participate in the dialogue with preconceived notions as to precisely where it should lead. We would agree that it should lead ultimately to the unity of all Christians, to the fulfilling of the prayer of Christ "that all may be one." But we must not attempt, at

this juncture, anyhow, to be too sure

just how that ought to come.

Humanly speaking, the gulf between us seems an unbridgeable one, since the terms of reunion which Catholics and Protestants now set are mutually exclusive. If we believed only in what is humanly possible, we would despair, but no Christian is entitled to believe only in what is humanly possible. We have to affirm, and really mean it, that "with men it is impossible, but with God all things are possible."

The atmosphere of dialogue must be above all the atmosphere of prayer. If we are really willing to leave the outcome in God's hands, we will offer our dialogue up to Him in prayer, asking Him to do with it as He wills. Whatever repairing is to take place in the broken walls of Christendom will be accomplished by Him and not by us.



#### ANSWERS TO 'NEW WORDS FOR YOU' (Page 62)

- 1. extensor (eks-ten'ser) g) A muscle that stretches or straightens a limb.
- tension (ten'shun)
   Act of stretching; physical or mental strain; stress.
- extend (eks-tend')
   To enlarge in area, scope, influence; to stretch out or prolong.
- tent (tent)
   h) A shelter made by stretching canvas or other material over poles.
- distend (dis-tend')
   d) To become swollen; to expand or stretch apart.
- tensiometer (ten-si-om'e-ter) b) Device for determining tautness, especially
  of wire.
- 7. intended (in-ten'did) l) Meant; planned; "stretched at"; prospective.
- 8. tenterhook (ten'ter-hook) j) A sharp nail used for stretching cloth on a frame.
- contend (kon-tend')
   k) To compete; to stretch in opposition; to vie.
- 10. tensility (ten-sil'a-tee) a) Quality or state of being stretched.
- 11. portent (por'tent) f) A forewarning; "stretched forth"; a marvel.
- 12. attentive (a-ten'tiv) e) Heedful; "stretching to or toward"; observant.

All correct: superior; 10 correct: good; 8 correct: fair.

### Death by Driving

A team of experts applies the Sherlock Holmes technique to mysterious collisions

Moseley's blue station wagon crackled urgently. We were racing along the throughway outside Boston at 3 A.M. Sergeant Bellevue at State Police headquarters was calling, "Cruiser 916!"

Moseley picked up his speaker, and asked for the latest report. "Bad collision," the sergeant said. "At

least one known dead."

The first call had awakened Moseley at his home only 40 minutes before. In the last three days he had averaged four hours sleep a night. The corners of his eyes and mouth were pinched with fatigue. He had telephoned the rest of his "team" and picked me up at my hotel. We had made good time until we hit ghostly fog patches drifting along Route 128. Now we were slowed to 20 mph.

"Car 2 calling car 1. Where are you, Al?" It was Andy Newcomb, our mechanic. Moseley gave him our position. A few minutes later, Fred Baltz in car 4, then Jim Tunny



in car 3 called in. Baltz was our traffic engineer, Tunny our sociologist.

They are part of a unique 18-man medical and scientific team, Harvard's Fatal Highway Collision project. The group has been studying highway deaths in the Boston area. From hundreds of cases during a five-year period will come conclusions to make life safer for all drivers and pedestrians.

Although millions of dollars have been spent investigating serious dis-

<sup>\*1716</sup> Locust St., Meredith Bldg., Des Moines 3, Iowa. June, 1960. © 1960 by Meredith Publishing Co., all rights reserved, and reprinted with permission.

eases like diabetes, which took 28,000 lives in 1957, almost nothing until now has been spent in probing the mystery of highway collisions, which kill about 40,000 people every year.

When a driver swerved across a Massachusetts highway, rammed the rear of a truck, and killed himself, the police report carried the perfunctory assumption: "Driver asleep at the wheel." But Moseley, a Harvard research psychologist, and Dr. Richard Ford, chairman of Harvard Medical school's department of legal medicine and Suffolk county medical examiner, were convinced that more complex factors lie behind such cases.

They discovered that the brake lights were burning when the car hit the truck, proving that the driver was awake, struggling to avoid a collision. The cracked right corner of the windshield and brain damage to the driver showed that the man had been thrown violently to the right. The final clue was the wheel bearings, which had not been greased in 27,000 miles. The right front wheel had locked, sending the car into an uncontrollable skid.

For 17 months, Moseley and Ford financed their study from their own pockets. Then, in December, 1958, the National Institutes of Health gave them a five-year, \$810,000 grant. Their research project was established at Harvard Medical school.

Like public-health officers tack-

ling an epidemic disease, they first dig out the "symptoms" of each accident. They determine the manner of death and the way in which the injuries were produced. Finally they seek to eliminate the disease.

The project employs a wide range of experts: pathologists, blood chemists, and tissue specialists to examine the physical condition of crash victims; psychiatrists to explore the emotional framework; a sociologist to study the family background and family reactions to the collision. The Massachusetts state police and the Massachusetts Registry of Motor Vehicles help them by assembling complete details of accidents. And Moseley says that the studies would be incomplete without the co-operation received from those people whose lives are directly affected by the accidents.

He and his team, as I discovered during the week I spent with them, are engaged in a never-ending game of detection. When we reached the scene of the collision that night on Route 128, we saw a tangle of cars along the outside strip and on the center island. A black car, its rear smashed, lay on its side on the center grass.

We were told that an elderly man in the rear seat had been killed. The young-man driver and two women passengers had been taken to a nearby hospital, unhurt but shaken up.

"Who hit them?" Moseley asked the police lieutenant.

"We don't even know," he told us.

"There's such a mess, we may never know for sure."

Moseley asked his traffic engineer to make a study of the tire tracks, to determine where the black car was hit and what path it had followed. From the tracks, and from such clues as paint chips left on the damaged car, we might identify suspects.

"There's something odd about these tracks," Moseley whispered. "My guess is that the black car wasn't moving when it was hit." But he said nothing to his engineer. Each expert must make his study inde-

pendently.

Moseley sniffed the air and walked to the edge of the road a few hundred yards from the Charles river. Smoke was rising along the river. "Peat-bog fire," he said. "Combined with fog, it must have blanketed the road and cut visibility to

nothing."

Newcomb now began his mechanical inspection of the damaged car. All four wheels were removed. Brakes, linings, and wheel cylinders were tested. He checked the emergency brake, hose connections, tie rods, drive shafts, power-steering mechanism, and every other component that might have contributed to the collision. Any tire or part suspected of hidden damage would be sent back to the laboratory for further tests.

Moseley carries a carbon-monoxide kit. He checked the air inside the car for fumes. Then he ran the engine for 15 minutes, and sampled the air again. (He thinks carbonmonoxide poisoning may play a large role in collisions.)

Now he set to work taking flash pictures of the damaged car. Examining its right side, he whistled sharply. He pointed to a thin scrape running from the front fender to the rear door.

"This looks like new damage," he exclaimed. "Tomorrow we'll make more thorough tests and look for paint marks or chips that should identify the collision car. Right now I'd bet that our victim was hit twice tonight, by two different cars."

Half an hour later, the traffic engineer returned with his preliminary report on the surface conditions and contours of the road. He had made a diagram of skid marks and tire treads, and had estimated the visibility at the time of the accident.

"That black car was standing astride the second and third lanes when it was hit from the rear," he said. "Another thing, Al. There's a second set of tracks that looks suspicious, almost as if a second car had swiped him on the right and kept on going."

Although Newcomb would not complete his mechanical examination for hours, the left rear wheel had already supplied another piece to the puzzle. "No lubrication, Al,"

Newcomb reported.

The wheel had locked when it was hit just as if the brakes were on; the car had skidded and flopped on its side. The axle was badly bent.

Tunny had learned from the police that the driver of the black car was a 24-year-old college student (whom we shall call John Falk). It was his grandfather who had been killed. The other occupants were his mother and grandmother.

"We'll go right to the hospital," Moseley said. There the doctor told us that all three patients would be

discharged in a few hours.

At 8:30 a.m. Falk agreed to talk with us. We found him sitting up in bed. His small, watery blue eyes wandered uncertainly around the room.

"The fog was terrible," he said in a thin voice. "We were just creeping along, and then it got so bad I decided it was safer to stop."

"In the middle of the highway?"

Moseley asked.

Falk looked startled. "Well, not exactly. Sort of on the inside lane. You see, I got out of the car quickly and examined the center island. But there was a sharp slope, and I was afraid of getting stuck. So I got back in the car...."

"Nothing happened before that?"

"No!"

"You didn't hear anything

strange?"

"Well, now that you mention it, I guess I did," Falk admitted. "There was sort of an odd, grating sound, and when I got back in the car, Mother said, 'I think someone side-swiped us.' So I thought the safest thing to do was to pump the brake

pedal back and forth and make the taillights flash to warn any cars coming up behind us."

"But despite that, you were hit

from the rear?"

"Yes, about three minutes later. There was an awful jolt, and the car skidded and seemed to turn slowly on its side. I didn't have any trouble getting out and helping my mother and grandmother. But my grandfather just lay still in the back seat. It was terrible."

This was the first of a series of interviews with the Falk family. Every aspect of John Falk's life—school, home, employment, friends, and associates—was explored for possible clues.

The essential information was supplied by the autopsy. Falk's grandfather had previously suffered two minor heart attacks. Despite some concussion in the accident, his death could probably be traced to heart failure.

The facts, then, are these. That night, in dangerous fog, John Falk had left his car between the second and third lanes. Even after one car sideswiped him, he did nothing to protect his car or family but pump the brake pedal. On the record, it may be called an accident—at worst, "unsafe operation of vehicle."

Until recently we knew almost nothing about the factors affecting every collision. We accepted popular myths, and put the blame on causes like drinking and speeding.

The collision project has already

amassed significant evidence on mechanical failures. They are a major factor in fatal collisions.

Many recent fatalities resulted from a lack of lubrication in the cars' wheel bearings. The intense frictional heat expanded the bearings, locked the wheels, and caused the car to skid.

Defective tie rods, drive shafts, brakes, and other critical items were found in collision cars. In a recent hit-run case, the car was in such shocking condition that Moseley called it "criminal to have allowed it on the road."

A crucial preventive measure is a periodic motor-vehicle inspection law. Fourteen states already require all cars to be inspected annually or semiannually at an official inspection station.

Another neglected cause of collisions is the physical condition of drivers. "Over and over again, we have found the missing clue in the driver's medical history," says Dr. Ford.

A Boston businessman recently became ill at his office. Although an associate offered to escort him home, he insisted on driving himself. Fifteen minutes later his car went out of control, struck three parked cars, and killed a pedestrian. After the driver died in the hospital, Dr. Ford's autopsy revealed that an old arterial defect had suddenly ruptured. Checking the driver's medical history, Dr. Ford found that he had suffered from frequent blackouts.

Yet he had continued to use his car, endangering other vehicles and pedestrians.

The Harvard team has demonstrated the critical importance of traffic patterns, lighting, and road conditions in fatal collisions. In one case, written off by the police as a freak coincidence, a car veered off Soldier's Field road on the Charles river outside Boston one night—for no discernible reason—and plunged into the water. Six months later a similar tragedy occurred at night at the same spot.

Convinced that more than coincidence was involved, Dr. Ford sat nearby for four hours one night, studying traffic. Soon he noticed occasional interruptions in the routine pattern. Soldier's Field road was intersected at this point by a crossroad controlled by a stop light. Approaching on the intersecting road, an occasional driver would bypass the light by cutting into a private service road. Then he would swing back into Soldier's Field road.

Here was the answer! Almost every time a car re-entered the main highway, it swerved so far to the center that drivers in the reverse lane, startled by unexpected headlights, instinctively pulled right toward the river. In both tragedies, the drivers had pulled over too far and lost control.

As a result of the findings, the police changed the traffic pattern by closing the service road. No further accident has occurred.

# The Wistful World of Brother Juniper

By Theodore Irwin Condensed from "Coronet"\*

LMOST ANY AFTERNOON, an ascetic-looking priest in a monastic robe may be seen strolling through the Boston suburb of Brookline, seemingly lost in meditation. Every once in a while he pauses, breaks into a grin, then digs into his pocket for a pencil stub and a pad. The memo made, he walks on.

His scrawls are ideas for a cartoon series featuring a puckish, roly-poly friar called Brother Juniper, who appears in 102 newspapers in the U.S. and 13 foreign countries. Brother Juniper's creator, Father Justin McCarthy,

O.F.M., has an audience of 15 million.

In less than three years, the cartoon's popularity has grown phenomenally. Gift shops are enjoying brisk sales of 60 different Brother Juniper ceramic items, such as figurines, plates, cups and saucers, planters, clocks, and children's lamps. Three Juniper cartoon books have hit the million-copy mark. Brother Juniper appeared on TV last year as a symbol of Brotherhood Week.

Brother Juniper fans consider their favorite a saintly Sad Sack in sackcloth. Father McCarthy, who signs his cartoons "Fr. Mac," actually modeled him after a 13th-century friar. Holy without suspecting it, Juniper saves souls with an appealingly mischievous personality. A devoted fan, FBI chief J. Edgar Hoover, once remarked: "I have a hard time realizing that Brother Juniper is not actually a real person."

Brother Juniper's blithe expression bears a striking resemblance to that of his creator.

<sup>\*488</sup> Madison Ave., New York City 22. September, 1960. © 1960 by Esquire, Inc., and reprinted with permission.

Sometimes persons who meet the 42-year-old Father McCarthy blurt out, "Why, you are Brother Juniper!" Unlike the cherubic Juniper, however, he is five feet, eight inches tall, wears glasses, and has an athletic physique. But the twinkle in his eye is undeniably that of his heavenly-minded jester.

"Juniper," he admits, "is an extension of myself—or vice versa."

Father McCarthy lives with seven other priests at St. Francis friary in Brookline. His spacious, sparsely furnished room is dominated by three large work tables. A rickety lamp, too low for his drawing board, has to rest on a thick volume of Shakespeare.

"The Bard," he says, dead-pan, "is

indispensable to my work."

Like the other priests, he offers Mass daily, hears Confessions, preaches, and holds himself available for counseling. In the afternoon he takes a three-mile hike or keeps circling the secluded garden at the rear of the friary, thinking up his gags. After supper, he reworks and sharpens them before doing his rough sketches.

He draws with a swift left hand— "the fastest draw in the East," he claims. Each week he illustrates 20 gags, of which six must be good

enough for publication.

All his rough cartoons are reviewed by a "censorship board" composed of Father Gerard Fitzsimmons (his superior at the friary) and Msgr. Francis Lally, editor of the Boston Pilot, the diocesan newspaper. Father McCarthy, who worries that he may unintentionally wound someone's feelings, insists that he finds this censorship helpful. "I want my cartoons to be clean as a hound's tooth, to be wholly unobjectionable to anyone," he says. "My board picks the funniest, those with the broadest appeal."

The priest then passes on his approved roughs to Len Reno, a professional cartoonist who inks them into

finished form.

His inspiration often comes from acute observation of human frailties as well as from his wide reading. His favorite humorists are England's A. P. Herbert, Canada's Stephen Leacock, America's Damon Runyon—and the famous Jewish comedian Menasha Skulnik.

As a youngster, Justin McCarthy started drawing cartoons with a box of kindergarten crayons. By 12, he had a collection of rejection slips from the *New Yorker*. At Boston college, he did some cartooning for football programs and the college weekly.

At the end of his sophomore year, when he was 20, he decided to become a Franciscan priest. "The life and spirit of St. Francis," he recalls, "appealed strongly to me. He had a popular approach, preaching the love of God to the common man simply and directly."

Franciscans take a vow of poverty. Father McCarthy's father was a prosperous engineer-architect, and the young man had been brought up in what he calls a very comfortable environment. Yet poverty didn't faze him. "Instead of being burdened with all the encumbrances of civilization," he says, "I wanted to go back to the simplicity of the original Gospel as St. Francis did." He was ordained in 1944.

His effervescent sense of humor soon bubbled to the surface through his yen for cartooning. During the 2nd World War a newsletter was sent to the many Franciscan chaplains scattered throughout the world. On a page of cartoons, his Friar Sad Sack became the progenitor of Brother Juniper.

About ten years ago, Father Mc-Carthy developed a serious throat condition that made him fear he would lose his voice. Since he realized that a priest without a voice wouldn't be able to preach, he sought another means of communication.

"Following my natural bent," he says, "and hooking it up to the Franciscan tradition of appealing to the masses in a popular manner, I hit upon the cartoon as my medium."

Fortunately his throat trouble cleared up after three years. He is now able to accept a stream of public-speaking engagements.

As art director of Friar, a national Franciscan magazine, he introduced several cartoon features. His work impressed an author's agent, Jules Fields, who sold the idea of a religious cartoon to Harold H. Anderson, editor of Publishers Syndicate, of Chicago. "It was a case of a Catholic cartoonist being sold by a Jewish



". . . But first, a message from Our Sponsor."

"Say Ah-men!"

agent to a Methodist editor," Father

McCarthy observes.

Before he could launch Juniper he had to clear the cartoon with his provincial, the Very Revd. Celsus R. Wheeler, O.F.M., and Boston Archbishop Richard Cushing. Juniper made his first appearance on Dec. 9, 1957, and ever since has been brightening the day for readers of the Los Angeles *Times*, the Chicago *Daily News*, the New York *Mirror*, and other newspapers.

Juniper has brought financial rewards: \$30,000 a year from syndication alone. Father McCarthy, sworn to poverty, doesn't accept a dime. The money is used chiefly to help Franciscan seminary students.

Juniper is not a pure figment of Father McCarthy's imagination. The character is based on a real Brother Juniper, called "the holy clown of the Franciscan Order," who lived during the early 13th century. Father McCarthy had read legends about him in the *Fioretti*, a classic collection of legends about St. Francis and his companions. In one story, the kindly little friar lets some poor thieves take the robe off his back so that they won't go away emptyhanded.

Traditionally, Juniper was a bumbling benefactor who was always tripping over his feet. No matter how rudely he was treated, he always bounced back with a smile. As Father McCarthy has conceived his 20th-century Juniper, he is "one part Friar Tuck, two parts Victor Moore,

three parts George Bungle, four parts Everyman, a pinch of Pogo, and a soupçon of Bishop Sheen."

Through his little good-will envoy, Father McCarthy tries to get in a gentle message. "As long as he is making people happy, Brother Juniper is fulfilling his destiny and mine,

too," he says.

His own favorite Juniper cartoon shows a fence on which youngsters have written, "Debbie Loves Pete," "Andy Loves Betty," and similar sentiments. But Juniper letters in his own endearment: "LOVE THY NEIGHBOR." Another of his pet cartoons has Juniper in a pulpit announcing to the congregation: "But first, a message from Our Sponsor."

The Rev. Everett R. Clinchy, past president of the National Conference of Christians and Jews, has given the cartoon his "wholehearted endorsement." A Congregationalist minister in Evanston, Ill., once wrote that Juniper's "warm and tender humor is part of the universal lan-

guage."

Among those who have voiced any adverse criticism was one reader who didn't like to see Juniper smoking a cigar. Occasionally, Father McCarthy has goofed. He may or may not have when he showed Juniper milking a cow, with a caption reading, "How about one for the road?" A barrage of letters and phone calls reminded him that "you never milk a cow from the left side." For a while after that, he confined Juniper to urban chores.

Another cartoon had the little friar playing a piccolo with a bird perched on the instrument and Juniper imploring it to "get your foot off B-flat!" Again a flood of letters, mostly from children, informed him that he had

misplaced his B-flat.

Father McCarthy is an avid Baltimore Colt football fan, and also takes in an occasional big-league baseball game. A spare-time sculptor, he did a figure of Christ writing in the sand which won second prize several years ago in the New England Art festival. In the summer, when he serves his Order at Wareham, Mass., he often teaches children how to swim.

He plays softball in Brookline streets with the boys. Many Juniper cartoons show the merry friar in baseball situations. One showed a couple of small fry announcing to an astonished monk, "Brother Juniper said we could keep our bats in your belfry."

Most of the Brookline children he plays with are Jewish, a fact which may account for one cartoon in which Juniper stands on the shoulders of a colleague to peer over his monastery wall and call out to a passer-by, "Happy Hanukkah,

Mrs. Goldberg!"

Father McCarthy thinks his brand of humor has wide appeal because of the public's identification with the undefeated underdog. "People recognize that whatever happens to Brother Juniper could happen to them," he says. "Perhaps he helps teach us that there should be no place for pride on earth.

"If Brother Juniper tickles the funny bone—well, that's not too far from the heart; and from there it's only a hop, skip, and jump to the

soul."



PEOPLED: In this one-horse town, he owned the horse. Peter Fleming . . . A boiling beach littered with rusty humans. Patrick A. Bermingham . . . Salesman: a man with a smile on his face, a shine on his shoes, and a lousy territory. George Gobel . . . The talk subsided to the sound of oatmeal boil-

ing. Ludwig Bemelmans . . . He was kneecap bald. Madge Midge.

PICTURED: A mockingbird sang with all the stops pulled out. The Gordons ... Harsh, watty glare of a naked bulb. J. D. Salinger ... Hush-puppy voice. The Gordons ... Witty hint of a hat. Alice Ekert-Rotholz ... The storm was finally out of wind. Bob Brown.

Punned: Mexican weather: chili today and hot tamale. S. J. Perelman . . . So Ivy he all but needed pruning. Marian Pehowski.

[You are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$4 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. Contributions from similar departments in other magazines will not be accepted. Submissions cannot be acknowledged or returned,—Ed.]

# Sleepwalking: Fact, Fallacy, or Fancy?

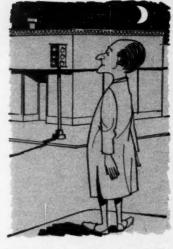
It's real, but science is clearing away much of the superstition surrounding it

By Jack Kaplan Condensed from "Today's Health"\*

ALMOST ANY NIGHT, in homes all over America, thousands of people are sleepwalking. Roughly, there are some 4 million sleepwalkers in the U. S. We all know of cases of it, even in our own families.

On the record, there was at least one sleepwalker who wrote a novel in his sleep. Add to this the report of another literary sleepwalker—the servant girl who, though illiterate, could flawlessly recite entire passages of Homer in the original Greek while sleepwalking. (She had once worked in the house of a minister who read Homer aloud. Apparently her unconscious had absorbed the Greek words.)

A German doctor has reported the case of a Miss Reichel who sleepwalked through the the streets of Vienna to do her shopping. She never had an accident. Then there



is the instance, cited by Dr. G. Richardson, of the army officer who "noctambulated" (sleepwalked) on his palms across the ledge of a tin roof, splintering huge wooden beams with his bare hands.

There's simply no end to the stories of weird feats that sleepwalkers are supposed to be capable of doing. Reports have it that sleepwalkers display remarkable memory; climb steep roofs; write letters; solve intricate mathematical problems; play musical instruments; compose music; and commit robbery, suicide, or murder.

Small wonder that a mountain of superstition about sleepwalking has grown up. Fortunately, however, science has been working hard to give us the vital truths about this uncanny phenomenon.

\*535 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill. September, 1960. © 1960 by the American Medical association, and reprinted with permission.

Sleepwalking, say the psychiatrists, is in most instances a symptom of emotional disturbance. A subconscious reaction can upset our sleepregulating machinery so that the body is set in motion. More rarely, it may arise simply because of physiologic need or from some physical damage, especially to the brain.

Sleepwalking appears to be a kind of "dream in pantomime" in which certain emotional conflicts are acted out. Most of us dream quietly in bed. Sleepwalkers act out their dreams. Their behavior, like the dream, may

often be symbolic.

Scientists don't go along with the popular notion that sleepwalkers never injure themselves. The movies usually picture the sleepwalker as an amusing fellow bent on harmless nocturnal adventure. In real life, sleepwalkers fall downstairs, suffer cuts or burns, trip over rugs, or bump their heads against doors. Many of them have been injured seriously.

Because sleepwalkers are so accident prone, psychiatrists denounce another popular fallacy: that no sleepwalker should be awakened suddenly for fear that the shock would injure him. The shock, they emphasize, is no greater than being aroused from normal sleep. Common sense will tell you to wait until the walker moves out of danger before you awaken him.

Science takes a dim view of the general belief that sleepwalkers can perform superhuman stunts. According to one report, a 22-year-old man

climbed out a window of his 12thfloor apartment, walked an 18-inch outside ledge to another window, climbed into it, and returned to his

own bed without waking.

Nonsense, says Dr. Ernst Jolowicz, New York psychiatrist who has treated many sleepwalking patients. Sleepwalkers rarely undertake tasks beyond their actual capacities. However, it is certainly true, Dr. Jolowicz points out, that the sleepwalker has no psychological inhibitions, and can therefore exert his greatest physiological powers. That's why it is possible for the sleepwalker sometimes to perform apparently spectacular stunts.

Cases on record seem to suggest that sleepwalkers can do violence to themselves. For example, John Anthony Crooke, a civil engineer in Denver, Colo., stabbed himself four times in his sleep. Before he bled to death, he wakened and told his wife he had dreamed of being encircled by enemies and that then an evil spirit had persuaded him to kill himself.

Emma Foli, of Springfield, Ill., dreamed she was taking bicarbonate of soda. She was found writhing in pain on the bathroom floor. In her sleep, she had swallowed a tumblerful of a powerful disinfectant. She died a few days later.

Are cases like these two typical? "No," answers Dr. Jolowicz. "I do not think the ordinary sleepwalker would act so violently against himself. He has an automatic protection

-his instinct for self-preservation. However, a deeply disturbed person or psychotic or epileptic might break down this barrier."

Are sleepwalkers likely to harm others? Dr. Paul Benedict, chief psychiatrist of New York City's Department of Correction, recalls homicides attributed to alleged sleepwalkers.

One of the most tragic cases occurred some years ago in Covington, Ky. Jo Ann Kiger, then 16, dreamed that robbers were in the house. She fired two revolvers, killing her father and brother and wounding her mother. There is also the case of a mother who, dreaming her house was on fire, flung her baby out the window.

Comments Dr. Benedict, "Most of such tragedies were the deeds not of simple sleepwalkers, but of borderline or actual psychotics in hysterical states. Either that, or they were epileptics who did their killing in an epileptic fury. No doubt many of these killers, suffering from guilt feelings, embellished the accounts of their deeds with fantasies. I don't think they were ordinary sleepwalkers."

Authorities are careful to distinguish between the deeds of genuine sleepwalkers and those of abnormal personalities because they would like to clear up the hogwash now surrounding sleepwalking. Scientists seriously question performances like that of Fraulein Reichel, the German shopping miss, or that of Miss Ann

Walthers, America's "champion sleepwalker." Some years ago Miss Walthers took a 25-mile walk, while supposedly asleep, from Brooklyn, N. Y., to Elizabeth, N. J., paying her way on the ferry without being noticed by anyone. Experts characterize such cases as fugue-a form of hysterical personality dissociation characterized by amnesia-rather than

genuine sleepwalking.

Dr. M. Narasimha Pai of the Neurosis Centre in Dartford, England, says that the state of sleepwalkers is "one of incomplete sleep with varying degrees of consciousness." That explains why many chronic sleepwalkers discover that it's of no use to rig up Rube Goldberg contrivances to wake themselves. Even though they bolt windows and doors or tie themselves to the bed, they are apparently conscious enough to avoid the very obstacles they have set for themselves. The acts most sleepwalkers carry out in their dreamlike state are ordinarily those which they desire to do in their waking state, but which they fear or dread.

The very process of suppression of conscious impulses sets up a pattern of emotional conflict: feelings of guilt, fear, or other anxiety emotions. Usually, sleepwalkers are not aware of the presence of these emotional disturbances. When they sleep, the emotional conflicts of their wakeful state dictate their sleepwalking antics.

For children (who do more sleep-

walking than adults), any kind of tension can trigger the sleepwalking. Failure in school, parental rejection, or a suppressed desire to run away from home are typical causes. Dr. Sidney L. Green tells of ten-year-old Freddie, who got to worrying just before bedtime because his mother had said that he could not go to a football game because of the severe cold. Freddie sleepwalked that night, clutching a blanket.

In Dr. Pai's study of 117 sleepwalkers, he found that every one had a history of childhood walking. In the adult's case, any emotional crisis may occasion sleepwalking. It may be a single episode or, more probably, a recurrent pattern.

If you or any of your children sleepwalk, you should consult a physician. The sooner you obtain medical attention, the better; for sleepwalking is not a disease, but a symptom. What it means can only be determined through a careful study of the patient's total personality. In that way the physician can get at the emotional problems underlying the sleepwalking.



#### IN OUR HOUSE

Tommy, our eight-year-old lad, had been naughty to the point of evoking a whipping from his long-suffering mother.

Bedtime came, and, kneeling beside her, he implored a blessing on each member of the family individually, his mother's name alone being conspicuous by its absence. Then, rising from his knees, he fixed a keenly triumphant look upon her face. As he turned to climb into bed he shot this at her: "I s'pose you noticed you wasn't in it."

S. Gudge.

A friend of mine, an expectant mother, was walking her small son by the maternity wing of the local hospital. "And there," she said pointing proudly, "is where mother will come in another month and get you a little brother."

"Why don't we just go in and get him now and save yourself another trip?" replied the boy.

Mrs. Clifford M. Storey.

Soon after my son Bobby joined the Boy Scouts he was excitedly preparing for his first overnight hike. It was late in October, and the nights were growing chilly, but the boys were to be using sleeping bags. A few nights before the big event, as Bobby got into bed he said to his mother, "Would you please put my electric blanket on three tonight, mom? I've got to start toughening up for roughing it."

[For similar true stories-amusing, touching or inspiring-of incidents that occur In Our House, \$20 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

### Gregorian Chantin English

"They said it couldn't be done"



NE OF THE BEST places in the chant sung in English is at

St. Scholastica convent, Fort Smith, Ark, Each day at 4 P.M. the Benedictine Sisters sing Vespers; in the evening, Compline; and on major feast days they sing the Little Hours.

The notion that Gregorian music and English words are incompatible is widely accepted, for many attempts at reconciliation have failed. But at Fort Smith the Sisters like to tell of people, constrained almost by force to listen to Vespers in English, who were converted by one session in the chapel. Many others who came to scoff have remained to praise. I know: I was once a scoffer myself.

Adaptation was not easy. Even now the transcribers say that had they known the difficulties they would never have had the nerve to start.

The spoken recitation of all the Day Hours in English began at St. Scholastica Aug. 29, 1950. But something was missing. The Sisters of St. Scholastica have a long tradition of musical culture. Father Ra-

ban Hathorn, o.s.B., who had been giving the Sisters conferences on the Rule of St. Benedict, surprised them one evening with an adaptation of their English Compline to the traditional plain-chant melodies. Compline was sung that very evening, and it has been sung every night since.

As the season of the "O" antiphons of Advent neared, the antiphons were adapted to the original chant melodies and sung. Then Christmas Vespers in their entirety were adapted and sung. Within one year's time, Vespers for all 1st-class feasts, some 2nd-class feasts, and Sundays were adapted and sung. Plans were made to print the first monastic vesperal of English chant.

Musicologists have long maintained that the chant is largely based on the natural rhythm of Latin. Chant in English, a language with stronger and crisper accents, seemed a contradiction in terms. But the chant had already undergone at least one transcription-from Greek to Latin-in the 4th century. There is reason to believe that there had been a much

<sup>\*</sup>Subiaco, Ark. September, 1960. @ 1960 by the Benedictine monks of New Subiaco abbey, and reprinted with permission.

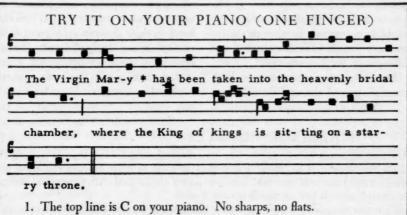
earlier transcription of some melodies from Hebrew to Greek. If the chant has twice learned to sing in a new tongue, there seemed to be no airtight argument that a third adaptation would result in a monstrosity.

English chant was bound to have a crisper, more dynamic character than her Latin sister. But that the melodic rhythm of Gregorian is firmly wedded to the verbal rhythm of the Latin text is a myth. Dozens of antiphons which have the same basic melody have texts which are diverse in mood, accentuation, and length.

In some cases melodies had been modified quite extravagantly to fit new Latin texts.

When the work of producing an English vesperal was first begun, a serious attempt was made to stick as closely as possible to the melody of the Latin text. Later the adapters felt justified in making slight melodic and verbal changes.

As the work progressed, they checked their innovations with other chant masters around the country who had made similar adaptations, especially the long-experienced An-



- 2. The double note at the beginning of each top line is the clef, showing where C, the tonic, is. It is not sung.
  - Each square note gets one beat.
  - 4. A dot after a note doubles its time value.
  - 5. When one note is under another the lower one comes first.
- 6. The funny looking note group over "sit" of the word "sitting" is played a-b-c with a lengthened by half (not doubled).
- 7. There are only four lines on the staff. Always calculate intervals from the top line.

glicans. They found their modifications anticipated in nearly every case. The solutions were often identical.

The adaptation of the hymns was the easiest. Many successful translations of the breviary hymns into English, preserving the Latin meter, had already been made. The Sisters had a comparatively wide range of choice. Again, recourse was not only to Catholic but also to Anglican sources, as the list of the acknowledgements in the printed version of their work reveals.

In 1958 The Monastic Vesperal was completed and printed. It is a handsome volume of 337 pages which contains musical notation for Vespers according to the monastic breviary for all Offices except those taken from the Commons.

St. Scholastica's convent of Fort Smith is one of the two Benedictine convents in the U. S. under diocesan jurisdiction, and hence there was no need to have recourse to the Congregation of Rites in Rome. In any event, the Holy See recently granted the use of the breviary in the vernacular to the 11 communities of the Congregation of St. Gertrude the Great.

The Monastic Vesperal of the Sisters of Fort Smith is the first of its kind in English, but it has counterparts in Spanish, Japanese, Chinese, Indian, and German. The breviary in the vernacular is a great advantage to Sisters the world over whose preoccupation with education, nursing, and other similar works hinders their dedicating a great deal of time to the study of Latin. It also makes it quite evident that Gregorian, like music itself, knows no national or linguistic boundaries.

#### MARRIAGE MINUTES

A traveling man, lonely in the big city, was invited to the branch manager's home for dinner. The visitor noted that as soon as they entered the door his friend kissed his wife and told her how pretty she looked. After they had eaten, he complimented her on the delicious dinner.

"Do you always do that?" the visitor asked when he and his friend were alone. "You bet I do," was the reply. "It's little things like that which keep a marriage

alive."

The traveler was impressed. When he got home, the first thing he did was to sweep his wife into his arms and kiss her. "Dear," he said, "you look wonderful tonight! I sure am a lucky guy."

His wife looked at him in amazement, then burst into tears.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked the traveler.

"Oh, what a day!" wailed the wife. "First, Tommy fell and sprained his ankle, then the washing machine broke down and flooded the basement, and now you come home drunk!"

Journal of the American Medical Association (1 Oct. '60).

### Anchorage: Husky Youngster

It has outsize allotments of early settlers, airplanes, federal employees, and high IQ's

NONLY a few important cities can you still turn to early settlers for a firsthand account of the community's birth. You can still do that in Anchorage, Alaska, where many of the men who helped carve a town from the wilderness are still a part

of its continuing growth.

Only 50 years ago the place was nothing but dense woods and swamps crisscrossed with moose trails. Today Anchorage is as modern as any other city in the U. S. It has schools, churches, supermarkets, hospitals, three skyscrapers, and airfields where powerful jets zoom in and take off regularly. Tourists throng there to enjoy its special brand of hospitality and its scenery.

Anchorage, in south-central Alaska, can accurately be called an All-American city, because so many nationalities are represented among its citizens. The most colorful are the native Eskimos. Every winter, Anchorage has its annual Fur Rendezvous festival. Eskimos swarm into town, winning gasps of admiration from tourists and local citizenry alike for their colorful parkas and the artistic craftwork that they bring for sale.

War has played an important part in the Anchorage story, even though war never actually came close. The 1st World War almost wiped the city from the map when the draft took away most of its able-bodied men. The 2nd World War brought new life to the quiescent town almost overnight. Strategic air bases were set up there, and thousands of U. S. army personnel moved in.

Fort Richardson and Elmendorf Air Force base became permanent defense installations, remaining to bolster the population of Anchorage after the war. It is a tribute to Anchorage's placid way of life, as well as its homesteading opportunities, that hundreds of servicemen returned with their families to make their

homes there.

Originally, U. S. government officials had their eyes on Seward for Alaska's No. 1 city. Its port on the Gulf of Alaska was open all year. However, in June, 1914, a group of strangers disembarked from a steamship at the north of Ship creek, near the site of Anchorage, and the die was cast. They were engineers, members of the Department of the Interior's newly formed Alaska Engineering commission. Their job was to build a railroad to open up Alaska's enormously rich coal fields to the rest of the world. They liked what they saw.

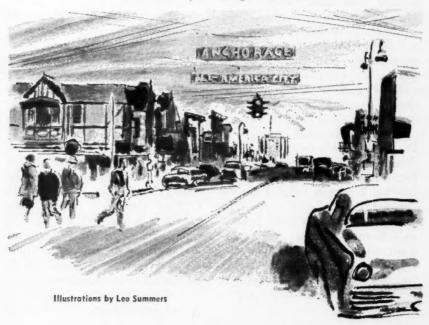
They were not the first newcomers. Two families had settled in that barren country three years earlier, in 1911. They, in turn, had been joined by a young forest ranger and his bride. This trio of adventurous, solitude-loving families soon lost their private paradise when news leaked out that government engineers were scouting the area.

Overnight, scores of migratory workers flocked to the nameless

settlement. Soon, 1,000 tents were pitched on the flats of Cook inlet. Twice that many men, eager for a chance at homesteading and railroad work, were crowded into them. Some of them referred to their tent city as Ship's Anchorage, and the name Anchorage stuck.

Living conditions were bad. Water had to be carried long distances. Sewage disposal was possible only every 24 hours, when the tide went out. Aware that the unsanitary conditions were endangering lives, the engineers appealed to Washington for help. President Woodrow Wilson immediately authorized an offi-

Main street of Anchorage, Alaska.





Holy Family church, where the first Bishop of Juneau once was pastor.

cial town site, and government surveyors were instructed to get right to work on it.

They chose a 100-foot-high bluff, south of the flats, overlooking Cook inlet. To make way for the new town, 347 acres of dense brush and timber were cleared.

July 10, 1915, was Anchorage's official birth date. That was the day when "tent town" was wiped out and husky pioneers swarmed around an auction block to bid on 50x140-foot lots. The lots sold from \$25 to \$400. It was a profitable day for the government: 635 of the home sites were sold.

Today a purchaser would have to start his bid at \$50,000 for a choice lot in Anchorage's business district.

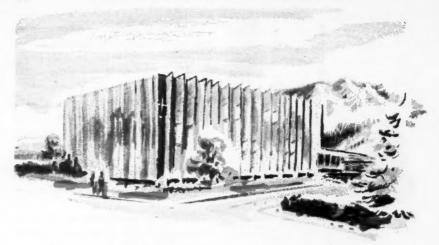
Anchorage's ambitious beginnings were soon touched by disaster. When railroad construction was at its peak, the town had no fewer than 6,000 inhabitants. It was the biggest settlement in Alaska. But the 1st World War curtailed railroad work, and many young men went into the service. Population dwindled to 2,729, and a third of those were unemployed. Washington was ready to mark the whole thing off as a bad investment.

By 1923, Anchorage was practically a forgotten city. Its pioneer citizens struggled on. No one seemed to care what happened to them.

Then, in 1940, bulldozers began bludgeoning out an airfield in marshland four miles outside the city. Anchorage was to slumber no longer. A new era was upon it.

Anchorage is the largest city in the longest diocese in the U.S. If Alaska were superimposed on a map of the U.S., the 1,500 miles of Juneau diocese, in which Anchorage is located, would stretch from Washington, D.C., to Denver, Colo. (or from Seattle, Wash., to Topeka, Kan.).

Catholic missioners—first the Oblates of Mary Immaculate and later the Jesuits—had penetrated the primitive wilderness of Alaska as early as 1872, but it was not until 1951 that a formal diocese, Juneau, was established. Of its 107,000 inhabitants, 14,000 are Catholic. Its nine diocesan priests and six mission



Addition to hospital established by Sisters of Charity of Providence.

priests serve an area of 70,800 square miles. Many of its missions are accessible only by boat or seaplane.

Anchorage Catholics are working hard to catch up with the achievements of the ten older parishes in the diocese. Four of them have Catholic hospitals and elementary schools, as well as churches, and one has a Catholic high school.

Holy Family parish in Anchorage has kept pace with the city's spurting growth. The church, centrally located at 5th and H St., in the busiest part of town, originally had been designed to take care of 500 parishioners. Within seven years, Sunday Mass attendance went from 100 to 1,200. Two additional churches had to be constructed in the suburbs: St. Anthony's in Mt. View and St. Juliana's in Spenard.

In 1951 the longtime pastor of Holy Family parish, Father Dermot O'Flanagan, became the first Bishop of Juneau. Present pastor is Msgr. G. Edgar Gallant, who has spent 41 years in Alaska, 27 of them as director of Skagway's Pius X mission. Monsignor Gallant was the first priest ordained in Alaska—by the late Bishop Joseph Raphael Crimont, first Bishop of Alaska, in 1918.

The first and only civilian hospital in Anchorage was founded in 1939 by the Sisters of Charity of Providence. Their 50-bed hospital was constructed to take care of a population of 3,500 to 5,000. Citizens recently launched a drive to obtain \$750,000 toward construction of a new hospital.

About 40 churches of all denominations stand in the Anchorage area,

excluding military chapels. Among them is a new Byzantine (Eastern Rite) Catholic church.

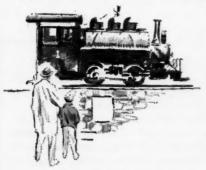
One of the things that perplexes visitors to Anchorage is its lack of visible support. It seems to be a community without large industry.

Anchorage actually has several important "industries." Directly or indirectly, the city's economy depends largely on federal funds.

Out of the present estimated 101,-000 population within a ten-mile radius, some 22,800 are military. Almost all have families with them.

The U.S. miltary payroll for Alaska totals \$39 million (\$26 million for servicemen and \$13 million for civilian employees). The Air Force employs 1,400 civilians. Another four civilian-staffed agencies employ a minimum of 500 each.

The Civil Service commission's most recent survey showed living costs 54% higher in Anchorage than in Washington, D.C. Many military personnel live off-base and avoid



Sightseers' favorite: replica of first railroad engine to be used in Alaska.

high rents by becoming homeowners themselves. Even though stationed temporarily in Anchorage, they knew they have a good investment, since nowhere has real estate rocketed to such heights in so short a time.

Tourism, Anchorage's second industry, is increasingly lucrative. Although Anchorage lacks some of the spectacular historical landmarks of older Alaskan cities, tourists enjoy a taste of big-city life in the wilds. By auto or plane, they can visit quaint Indian villages, glacier regions, lakes, and agricultural areas nearby.

Anchorage is a symmetrical city, with wide, straight streets and no circles or triangles. One oddity always strikes visitors: they find no J street among its alphabetically named thoroughfares. The reason: early Scandinavian settlers found j too difficult to pronounce.

Today a sharp change is taking place. Ancient one and two-story buildings are being torn down, making way for streamlined structures. Seven floors of a 14-story, 600-room hotel are ready for occupancy. Millions of dollars have been spent on supermarkets, drive-in banks, motels, service stations, and a three-lane bowling center. Nearing completion is a \$15 million shopping center.

A few relics of the past still remain to delight visitors, such as the oldfashioned turf roof atop the log-cabin tourist information center and the miniature railroad engine, replica of the first engine in Alaska, that stands in front of the depot. Third source of support for Anchorage is air transportation. Ever since 1927, when the Army Air corps marked Anchorage as a global key point in the defense of continental U.S., airplanes have played a vital part in its life. In 1957, Anchorage ranked 3rd highest in volume of air traffic of all the cities in the U.S. Since then, leading airlines have established flights over the Polar route. With New York only 12 hours away as the jets fly, the city anticipates a growing number of air travelers each year.

Finally, oil has given the economy a tremendous boost. The Kenai oil strike of 1957 had a profound impact on the city's outlook. Major oil companies, including American and British firms, maintain offices in Anchorage. Nine supply firms in the city derive their income wholly or in part from the oil industry.

Living costs aren't the only astronomical statistics Anchorage displays. Its population is the third-besteducated city population in the nation. Achievement tests show that Anchorage youngsters are two to three months ahead of school children in the rest of the nation.

Even so, Anchorage has a critical school problem. Shortage of school-rooms makes double shifts necessary for teachers and pupils. The present school enrollment is 11,340 in 16 elementary schools, two junior high schools, and one senior high school. School-board officials predict an enrollment of about 35,000 students by 1968.

Whatever changes may come for Anchorage, none will ever match its spectacular growth since the team of army engineers halted in Ship creek and decided to replace moose trails with a railway.

#### (00

#### IN CATHOLIC DIGEST NEXT MONTH

• All but a few of the thousands of books that have been written about the Wild West are fiction—and rubbish, to boot. Bat Masterson and Wyatt Earp are but two among many of the gun slingers who do not deserve their canonization on TV. A condensation from American Heritage.

• The Vatican daily newspaper, L'Osservatore Romano, is 100 years old. Its new editor, Raimondo Manzini, succeeded Count Giuseppe Della Torre, editor for 40 years, who was famous for his eloquent counterattacks against both fascists and communists. Barrett McGurn reports that Editor Manzini hopes to make Osservatore "the first real Catholic daily paper of the world." Condensed from the Holy Name Journal.

### Broken Home, Broken Hearts

There's no joy in clearing up the pieces of a shattered marriage

HE CALLED me Sunday to say, "Ella and I got our divorce last Friday. She has taken the kids away for the day so that I can go over and collect my things. Would you mind

going with me?"

My wife and I had been friends of Earl and Ella for years. When they were separated about six months ago we refused to take sides, and we've seen little of them since. I told him I'd go along, but that he must not discuss their differences.

"Don't worry," he told me. "It's all over now. I'm just going over to pick

up the pieces."

In the back of his station wagon he had some big empty cardboard cartons. I helped him into the house with them and we put the collection in the middle of the living-room floor. "She told me I could have anything I wanted or needed or felt belonged to me," Earl said. "She's been that kind of woman since the day we were married."

Sunday was a bleak day. The rain was pelting down. There was a chill in the air. Ella had built a fire in the fireplace before she left, and the embers were still glowing. We sat for a minute in the living room with the empty boxes in the middle of the floor. We both stared at the dying fire.

"You know," he said, "we've had a lot of swell times in front of that fireplace. We had the first Christmas eve that meant anything to the kids right here when they were two and four. Had the tree in that corner. I put the lights on it, and Ella trimmed it.

"Wonder what I'll do this Christmas eve? Ella got custody of both the kids, you know. I'm glad this didn't happen just before Christmas. This way I'll have a little time to adjust, anyway."

He wasn't talking to me. His eyes

hadn't left the fireplace.

"Might as well start here in the living room," he suggested as he pulled one of the empty cartons over toward a divider at the end of the room.

There was a vase his boss had brought him from Venice. "Ella always loved that vase, but the Old

<sup>\*425</sup> Portland Ave., Minneapolis, Minn. Sept. 19, 1960. © 1960 by the Minneapolis Star and Tribune Co., and reprinted with permission.

Man really gave it to me." He started to place it gently in the bottom of the carton and then returned it to the shelf of the divider. "I guess there's nothing else here that I really need; and besides, an empty divider would look pretty silly in this room."

He moved over to the shelves alongside the fireplace and began running his forefinger slowly along the books on the top. "Here's one called Why Work? I'm sure Ella will never read that." He put it in the carton. "This one, Dempsey, I haven't finished yet, but maybe the kids will like it when they grow up. I don't even know whether I'll have room for books when I get settled. Sort of silly to make big holes in the shelves right now. See that ash tray there? Brought that back from Tokyo after the war. Sort of sentimental attachment there. Wonder if Ella feels the same way about it. Oh, well, let her have it."

"You aren't doing too well," I suggested. "Only one book so far. You didn't need me."

"You really want to know why I got you to come with me? I couldn't stand being alone in this house with Ella and the kids being away. I'd feel like a burglar. I'do anyway. Memories are funny, aren't they? Even with you here I can hear noises. I hear Ella puttering around in the kitchen. I can hear the front door slam as it used to when the kids left to meet the kids next door. Smells come back to me, too. I used to like

the smell of the ironing when she was doing it."

There was nothing in the dining room or kitchen he could use or wanted. We went into the bedroom. His closet had been pretty well emptied when he left the house. He began opening the drawers on his side of the dresser.

"Didn't get to pack all my stuff when I left. In too big a hurry, I guess. And mad, too. These studs and cuff links I can use. There's a whole drawer filled with shirts she was going to turn the collars on. Better not leave them or she'll think I'm trying to insult her." The shirts went into the cardboard carton with the book and the studs and the cuff links. His closet was bare except for two pairs of old shoes and a crumpled felt hat. He put them into the carton.

We found an assortment of trinkets, a batch of old business letters, a cigarette case his mother had given him, and a pair of tennis shoes. They all went into the carton, but the bottom was barely covered.

He took that carton and I gathered the empty ones in the middle of the living-room floor and we carried them to the station wagon. He went back to put the key in the mailbox. He stood on the top step with his hand on the doorknob for a moment.

Then he joined me in the car and we drove off. We didn't say a word all the way back to my house. As he dropped me off at my driveway, he touched my arm. "Thanks, pal."



### The First New Yorker

By Donovan Fitzpatrick

S OMETIME in 1965 the last rivet will be driven into one of America's greatest bridges, across the strip of water separating Brooklyn from Staten Island. As the engineers work on the structure, estimated to cost \$325 million, controversy is still heard. The Verrazano-Narrows bridge, from the moment its was conceived, has stirred up argument.

To some critics the bridge is a vast boondoggle. Dispossessed homeowners are outraged. Traffic experts take a dim view of yet another artery to aggravate an already chaotic traffic. Romantics fear that the bridge will eventually eliminate their beloved Staten Island ferries.

Even the name of the bridge has provoked argument. Why not call it, some ask, the Staten Island bridge? Or simply the Narrows bridge, since

it will span the neck of water connecting New York's Upper and Lower bays? Who was Verrazano, anyway? What did he ever do for New York?

He discovered New York.

His full name was Giovanni da Verrazano. He was the first European to see and map New York bay. He gave it its original name of

Angoulême.

Italian schoolboys know that he was also the first to explore the greater part of the American coast from Georgia to Maine. His daring exploits rank him with other illustrious Italians: Columbus, Vespucci, and Caboto. Yet for centuries his glowing reports on the new continent gathered dust in libraries; his contribution to the history of exploration was known to only a few. Not until 1909 was a monument to Verrazano erected in New York City: a bronze statue, the gift of the Italian community, at the lower tip of Manhattan.

Near the Church of Santa Croce in Florence, Italy, stand two houses that belonged to his family. Within one is a marble tablet proclaiming Verrazano's birth there in 1485. The town of Greve, south of Florence, also claims him as a native son; a monument to him stands in the town

square.

His father was Pietro Andrea de Bernardo da Verrazano, a well-to-do trader in silks, spices, and other exotic goods from the East. While still in his early teens Giovanni was taken on trading voyages to Cairo and Syria. He was fascinated with ships and the sea. Agile and quickwitted, he learned the sailors' art and tricks: how to navigate by the stars, how to read the clouds.

As boys of today dream of space travel, Giovanni was enchanted with uncharted oceans. He listened to sailors' stories of faraway lands. He read everything he could find about daring seafarers. His father saw to it that the boy got a solid grounding in the classics in Florence schools.

Early in the 16th century Giovanni left home for France. He was 23 years old when he shipped as a common sailor on the caravel *La Pensée*. He got his first glimpse of North America in August, 1508, when he sailed into the Gulf of the St. Lawrence. Some historians think Verrazano also roved as a corsair under the name of Jean Florin (the Florentine), but that opinion has never been proved.

His name was not listed in the records of French ports between 1510 and 1521. He seems to have spent his time studying navigation and the humanities. A biographer

wrote that he became "very learned" in both fields.

He was living in Lyons in 1521. Like many others, he was excited about the possibility of finding a short cut to the Indies. He told friends that if a passage to Cathay existed, he was the man who could discover it. He often discussed his ideas with banker friends. They were impressed with his enthusiasm and his knowledge of navigation. They arranged an audience with King Francis I of France in Lyons.

The monarch was on good terms with many Italians who had fled to France to escape Medici tyranny. The great Leonardo da Vinci had been welcomed at his court. Francis liked Verrazano's bold face and confident manner. He listened carefully when assured that France still had time to wrest Indies trade from Spain and Portugal. No one knew better than the king what discovery of a new route would mean to France in prestige and wealth.

Before long, a courier brought Verrazano royal permission to lead an expedition. His rich friends quickly raised money for the project. Verrazano rushed to Dieppe and plunged into preparations for the

dangerous voyage.

Four ships were overhauled, and loaded with supplies for an estimated eight-month exploration. Verrazano was to pilot the lead ship, the three-masted, 100-ton *Dauphine*, a re-rigged man-of-war.

The little fleet hauled anchor in

mid-August, 1523, and almost at once ran into a violent storm. The Dauphine and Normandie, although badly battered, made it safely to Brest, but the other two vessels were never heard from again. Then the captain of the Normandie decided to return home. The timing, he said, was bad, with France at war with

England and Spain.

The Dauphine was repaired. Verrazano prepared to put out alone. To his disgust, he was delayed again. His ship was ordered into action against the enemy. The Dauphine cruised the northern coast of Spain for a month and took several fat prizes, but Verrazano was gloomy. He was an explorer, he fumed, not a soldier. He was unhappy until he could write in his log that on Jan. 17, 1524, he finally headed west from Madeira "on a sweet and gentle wind."

Three weeks later the *Dauphine* ran into a battering Atlantic gale, "as severe as ever a man who has navigated suffered." But after several days, he recorded, they were delivered "with the divine aid and the

goodness of the ship."

The captain, Antoine de Canflans, openly distrusted the Italian. Sailing the mild Mediterranean was one thing, but what did Verrazano know of the uncharted Atlantic? The uneasiness reached the crew. They began to murmur. Perhaps this Florentine would pile the ship on unknown rocks, or sail over the edge of the world.

Verrazano was unconcerned about their fears. He was not a good mixer. He saw no reason to waste time explaining that he could read the stars like a book, and would not sail off the edge of anywhere. He knew the ocean and his job. He paced the deck in silence, the wind ruffling his curly beard, and spent long hours in his cabin, making interminable calculations.

Captain and crew felt better when after 50 days they sighted fires on the horizon. Presently the *Dauphine* dropped anchor, and Verrazano had his first look at a new land, "never before seen by anyone, ancient or modern." He fixed the position of the landfall at 34° north latitude.

He was happy as he gazed on the dunes along the coast. He wrote in his notebook of "the beautiful fields and forests, with as much beauty and delectable appearance as it would be possible to express." He "inhaled the sweetest of odors," and named the place the Forest of Laurels.

Verrazano decided to head south. He ran for 50 leagues (187 miles) but could find no safe anchorage, so he reversed course and landed near what is now Myrtle Beach, S.C.

The king had ordered him to keep a full account of his travels. He began to take meticulous notes on everything he saw: the terrain, animals, plant life (which he decided had valuable medicinal properties). He was impressed with the Indians. They were exceedingly handsome,

he wrote, and very friendly, and seemed glad to see the visitors.

Sailing by day and anchoring at night, the *Dauphine* headed north to a second landing, probably in Virginia. Verrazano named the land Annunciata. He mistook the nature of the long line of dunes stretching from Cape Lookout to Virginia beach and called it Isthmus Verrazano. On Easter Sunday he baptized the entire continent Francesca, after the king. (Four years later his brother, Hyeronimus, changed the name to Verrazano on his maps.)

Verrazano wrote of an incident that demonstrated how friendly the Indians were. "Sending ashore by swimming one of our young sailors carrying to them some trinkets... throwing the goods to them and wishing to turn back he was so tossed by waves that almost half-dead he was carried to the edge of the shore." Verrazano and his crew stood aghast when the Indians carried the exhausted sailor ashore, took off his clothes, and built a fire. "The sailors thought that they wanted to roast him for food."

The incident ended happily. "His strength recovered he showed [them] by signs that he wished to return to the ship; who with kindness, holding him always close with various embraces, accompanied him as far as the sea, and stood to watch him until he was in the boat."

Once Verrazano showed an Indian how to make fire with powder and flint and steel. "He trembled all

over with terror, and stopped as if astonished, and prayed, worshiping like a monk, lifting his fingers toward the sky, and, pointing to the ship and the sea, he appeared to bless us."

Verrazano thought that the natives of this new land might one day be converted to Christianity. "We consider they have neither religion nor law, nor know a First Cause or Author, nor worship the sky, stars, sun, moon, or other planets, nor have any species of idolatry, nor did we learn that they make sacrifices or other prayers; nor that their villages had temples or churches for prayer.

"We think they have not any creed and live in entire freedom, and everything proceeds from ignorance, for they are very easy to persuade, and did with as much enthusiasm and fervor as we, all that which by us Christians they saw done concerning the divine worship."

Moving on up the coast, Verrazano thought the trees on the Maryland shore were so beautiful that he named the land Arcadia. On April 24 he edged the *Dauphine* along the eastern coast of what is now Staten Island and dropped anchor in New York bay.

He stood in the bow, braced against the *Dauphine's* roll, and sketched the magnificent harbor. It was an "agreeable site located within two prominent hills, in the midst of which flowed to the sea a very big river." That was the Hudson.

"On account of being anchored

off the coast in good shelter, we did not wish to venture in without knowledge of the entrance." Instead, they lowered a skiff and Verrazano and a small party rowed across the bay. The shore was lined with Indians. They sent out a welcoming party in 30 canoes; "clothed with feathers of birds of various colors, [they] came toward us joyfully, uttering very great exclamations of admiration, showing us where we could land with the boat more safely."

Busy with his sketch pad, Verrazano drew a map of a "very beautiful lake with a circuit of about three leagues." That was the Upper bay, and he named it the Bay of St. Marguerite, in honor of King Francis' elder sister. The whole area he decided to call Angoulême, for Francis had been the Count of Angoulême before he became king.

That name was the first ever given to New York. Verrazano described the inhabitants, carefully mapped the area, and sounded the water. Eighty-five years later Henry Hudson depended on Verrazano's charts and reports when he sailed up the river that bears his name.

New York's first visitor didn't stay long. The day had been overcast. "In an instant, as happens in navigation, a gale of unfavorable wind from the sea forced us to return to the ship, leaving the said land with much regret, because of its convenience and beauty."

He pushed on to Narragansett bay. He thought the Indians there were the handsomest and most civilized he had seen on the voyage; but the Cape Cod Indians, where he made his sixth landing, were downright nasty. "Uncouth, barbarous," they shot arrows at the crew, and Verrazano dubbed Massachusetts "the Land of the Bad People."

The Dauphine's last stop was at Nova Scotia in early June. Supplies were running low. Verrazano headed east. Again his navigation was perfect; he reached Dieppe on July 8. That same day he began his report to Francis I. He told the king that the coast he had explored so thoroughly was part of a separate continent, perhaps larger than Asia. He also suggested that the new land offered great possibilities for future colonization, as well as for conversion of natives. He ended his report with a verse from the 18th Psalm, quoted by St. Paul in his letter to the Romans: "Their voice has gone forth into all the earth, and their words unto the end of the world."

Verrazano's name might have become nearly as familiar as that of Columbus, but the shifting winds of politics worked against him. Early maps carried his name, but it later fell into oblivion. Since France did not push its territorial claims, there was no special reason to extol his exploration.

Historians disagree about Verrazano's last years. According to one account, he sailed west again, on a last, tragic voyage, in 1527. He headed south from Florida, trying to find

an isthmus (Panama) that was called Darien.

"On his way," wrote historian Paolo Giovia, "using his skill to discover more places, he disembarked with six of his men on a deserted island covered with tall plants. They were taken by surprise by a savage people who suddenly attacked them." While the men on the ship

watched helplessly, "they were thrown on the ground, slain, cut into pieces, and eaten down to the tiniest bone."

Now, four centuries later, the spirit of the daring Italian will live in the soaring arches of the Verrazano-Narrows bridge, spanning the gateway to the land he called Angoulême.



#### PEOPLE ARE LIKE THAT

It was mid-morning, and I was riding the New York City subway to keep an appointment. At one stop a small boy wearing a worn jersey and cut-off khaki pants entered the car and sat down opposite me. There was a stricken look in his eyes; carefully cradled in his arms was the battered body of a Boston terrier puppy.

"What's the matter, sonny?" a huge man, who appeared to be a truck driver, asked gruffly.

"My dog's been hit by a car," the boy replied. "Pa says I got to take him to the Humane society—we don't have money for a vet." He choked up for a moment and a tear trickled down a grimy cheek. "And I've heard that if he's hurt real bad, they'll put him to sleep!"

The truck driver looked around. "Folks, this lad has trouble," he said. "We're spending billions to help people all over the world. So do you think it would hurt if we spent a few pennies to help one of our own?"

He took off his cap and dropped a coin in it, then passed it down the car. A few minutes later, a beaming youngster had a pocketful of money. His pet was going to have a chance to live. For one tiny moment the combined action of a car full of strangers had pointed up the nobility of mankind, and given an extra touch of dignity to the human race.

Henry N. Ferguson.

[For original accounts of true incidents that illustrate the instinctive goodness of human nature, \$50 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted for this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

### Found: A Fallout Filter

Scientists invent a method to remove deadly fallout dust from milk-just in case

By Walt Streightiff

If ATOMIC WAR ever comes, or large-scale bomb testing is resumed, atomic dust will again be shot into the upper atmosphere. It will hang there perhaps for years, drifting thousands of miles with wind currents and then dropping to the ground in slow, insidious fallout. No point on earth, no matter how far from the blast, is free from occasional radioactive showers.

One of the most sinister passengers of the dust is a killer known as strontium 90. Taken into the human system, it heads straight for the bones and lodges there to begin

breeding bone cancer.

Bomb testing was at its height when strontium 90 was suddenly discovered to be increasing in two of our basic foods, wheat and milk. The blame was laid directly on atomic fallout. Fear gripped the world. Some governments questioned the advisability of importing American wheat until they were assured that the strontium content was still so negligible as to be harmless. The same conclusion was true of



milk. Yet the scientists were worried.

In the case of milk, the strontium was found to be taken into the bodies of cattle in the grains and grass and fodder they ate. From the cow's stomach what portion of it did not lodge in the skeleton passed into the blood stream and thence to the udder, there to mix with the milk.

In the upper Midwest at that time, September, 1958, concentrations of strontium 90 measuring 18.9 micromicrocuries per liter were found in milk (a micromicrocurie is the equivalent of one-millionth of one-millionth of one-millionth of one-millionth of one-millionth of one-millionth of one gram of radium). While this admittedly was high—the highest ever recorded in the U.S.—it still was far below the level necessary to induce cancer even over a lifetime of exposure.\*

Nevertheless, the scientists got busy. Two of them, Dr. W. D. Armstrong, head of the department of

<sup>\*</sup>Since bomb testing was curtailed the strontium level in Midwest milk has dropped more than a third.

physiological chemistry at the University of Minnesota, and Dr. Leon Singer, an associate, set out to find something that would rid milk of strontium.

To start with, they were aware that the chemical properties of strontium and calcium, chief element in bone, were similar. That obviously was why strontium taken into the

body settled in the bones.

Pondering this, Dr. Singer one day had a sudden inspiration. If bone attracts strontium much in the way that a magnet attracts iron dust, why not use ordinary bone to strain the strontium out of milk?

"The bone we used—carcass bone from meat animals—was modified by chemical treatment to activate it to a high degree of efficiency," Dr. Singer explained. "All fat was removed and the bone was treated with calcium and alkalizers, then washed clean of the alkali and finally ground to a powder of about the consistency of table sugar."

Next a tube was packed with the powdered bone and attached to the bottom of a quart-sized container. Into the container and thence down through the bone filter trickled a

quart of contaminated milk.

Before the filtration was begun, the radioactivity of the milk was measured as 5,000 a minute. By the time the milk had seeped down through the granulated bone its count had dropped to 1,000 a minute—an 80% strontium reduction.

All well and good as a pilot test.

But could filtration be done on a scale large enough to be of any practical value—to permit a dairy, for example, to treat its entire milk output in the event strontium levels some day should rise?

Drs. Armstrong and Singer don't see why not. They say it should be no great problem for engineers to develop greatly enlarged equipment on the principle of their filter.

They point out that the basic filtering ingredient, ordinary carcass bones, could be obtained in ample amounts from any stockyard or packing house. Further, they say, the ground bone can be chemically purified after each filtration and used over and over again. In fact, they foresee the day when, should it ever become necessary, small filters could be developed for use in the home.

Meanwhile, anticipating that money-hungry promoters might seize upon their simple process to bilk the public with scare advertising about the potential dangers of strontiumtainted milk, the researchers and the university have applied for a patent on the process.

"It is possible that unscrupulous persons might take advantage of the current public fear of fallout contamination by charging ridiculously high prices for 'nonradioactive' milk," Dr. Armstrong said. But let it be said again, lest some fearful persons needlessly cancel milk out of their diets: there is not at this time and never has been enough strontium 90

in any milk anywhere to make it dangerous for human consumption. The chances that some day there may be dangerous degrees of strontium content in our foods rest with the governments of the world.



#### HEARTS ARE TRUMPS

While spending the winter in Majorca, I stopped in at one of the local stores. I had seated myself in a comfortable chair when I was joined by Señor José Vidal, the proprietor. "You find that chair pleasing?" he asked. I said that I did. "I designed this set myself," he said with pride. "We sell a lot of them."

I hastened to explain that much as I admired the set, I could not afford it;

I was just a retired schoolteacher and at present hadn't even a home.

"You have just used a magic word," he said. "Anyone who uses that word in my store gets a 10% discount on any purchase."

"You mean I get a 10% discount?" I asked.

"You do. Now would you like to know what that magic word is? It is teacher. I have great respect for all teachers. No money can repay them. I am thinking particularly of one teacher of mine. He was a wonderful man. I was fortunate to have him for eight years.

"He would come into the classroom and say, 'All right boys, let's sing!' And how we sang! We all loved him. Then we would say three little prayers, and that was all we had of formal religion for the day. But somehow he helped us

to belief: in God and in ourselves.

"He is now at the head of his Order. A few years ago we heard he was coming to visit Palma and we all went to meet his plane. How many do you think there were? Five thousand!"

As a young man, Señor Vidal told me, he had spent four years in New York and then returned to Palma to start his own business. All had gone well until the Spanish Civil war, when he lost everything—everything except the lessons taught him by that dedicated priest. His words came back to him clearly, "If you have faith in yourself, you have hope, and you can make a living on a barren rock!"

He began by making sandals with rope soles. He had no money for a factory but his friends made them in their homes. The first year they sold 500 pairs, and the second 5,000. Then they added raffia hats, bags, and mats. An alcove in his store, now the finest in Palma, still contains these original articles.

"I wanted to do something to show my gratitude," he said, "and I asked myself, 'What can I do? Erect a statue in his honor!' And then I got this idea. I said, 'I will honor him by honoring his profession,' and that is why any teacher who comes to my store gets a 10% discount."

Helen Zado.

[For original accounts, 200 to 300 words long, of true cases where unseeking kindness was rewarded, \$50 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

### How I Learned Not to Hate

I carried resentment like a cancer for 17 years until a little story made me see things in perspective

AM A Paris correspondent. About 500 of us, from all over the world, work in the French capital. A lot of our time is spent talking over stories behind the news, the ones

that never get printed.

During the Summit fiasco last spring, when news was scarce and we were trying to find something to write about, we would congregate at small cafés near the Palais de Chaillot to make small talk and relax. During one of these get-togethers, another American and I occupied a table with two French journalists, a man and a woman.

To start the conversation going, my American friend said to me, "Remember that time F.D.R. was in Casablanca?"

"I'll never forget it," I replied.

"Is there a story behind it?" the Frenchwoman asked. "One that's never been told?"

"There is," I said, "but I don't feel much like telling it."

"Tell it anyway," she said.

So I did-just as I'll tell it to you now.

It happened just 17 years ago. President Roosevelt had arrived in Casablanca amid the greatest secrecy, and was installed during the night in the Hôtel D'Anfa. There he awaited the arrival of Winston Churchill, who was to meet him for the now-famous Casablanca Conference. Barbed wire surrounded the hotel, and about 50 families were hastily moved out of the immediate vicinity.

On the first day a small party of correspondents, of which I was one, was taken to the hotel. We had no idea of what was up. Tough-looking guards opened the barricade, and inside, high-ranking Allied officers and security men crowded the lounge. I wondered who rated so much attention.

After a short wait, we were put into a weapons carrier which took its place in a mile-long convoy. Then, preceded and followed by armored cars with machine guns at the ready, we headed for open countryside. We stopped, finally, and watched a man being transferred from a big sedan to an open jeep. It was the President!

He seemed in a happy mood. He had the old gray felt hat at a rakish angle and a cigarette stuck in a sixinch holder. Soldiers lining both sides of the road stared wide-eyed as the convoy passed. But F.D.R. wanted them to see him.

At noon the cavalcade stopped in an open area where a field kitchen and tables had been set up for lunch. The President was given a GI mess kit and served regular army food: ham, string beans, sweet potatoes, pie, and coffee. I sat a few tables away and noticed that there was nothing wrong with his appetite. As he ate, he kept laughing and joking.

Roosevelt remained in Casablanca for ten days, but he was too busy to see the press again until the last day of the conference. Meanwhile, we'd waited patiently for something to write about. A much larger group of correspondents went to the hotel on this occasion, and Roosevelt and Churchill, sitting in ordinary office chairs, had us sit in a semicircle on the grass in front of them. It was the first time I had seen the British Prime Minister in person, and I was fascinated by his high-top zipper shoes. I hadn't seen anything like them since I was a kid.

The big moment came when F.D.R. asked all the newsmen to line up and shake hands with him and Churchill. When my turn came, several cameras clicked. Roosevelt asked me what paper I represented and if I was getting along all right. Then he asked my name and I told him and he wished me lots of luck. Churchill did the same, and I moved on to make room for the next man. As I walked away, I felt about nine feet tall.

Soon it was all over; that is, except for my going inside and writing the biggest story of my life. A room had been set aside for us, and typewriters stood ready to be uncovered and put to work. When all stories were written, they were to be dropped into a waiting pouch and flown to Washington in a special plane. But we were cautioned that not a word was to be printed until President Roosevelt was safely back in the White House.

But before we got to do any writing, we ran into a pleasant detour. Somebody discovered that a buffetbar had been set up, and since reporters and bars seem to have an affinity for each other, there was a concerted rush for liquid refreshments. After all, we had had a tough day, sitting around on the grass making small talk with the heads of governments.

I was about tenth man in line when we shouldered up to the counter. I'm not much of a hand with the firewater, but I was slavering for one of those cups of steaming coffee. The man in front of me got his, moved away, and I slid into the vacant spot. The waiter-barman was stooped over, filling orders automatically. When he straightened up to push one my way, we became aware of each other at exactly the same moment.

He was a rather old soldier. His face, when he saw me, underwent a quick change. The freckled hand which was moving a cup in my direction suddenly halted. Then it was quickly withdrawn. And the soldier said, his lips barely moving, "I can't

serve you."

I was born in the United States and I'd heard the words before. But I hardly expected to hear them here. Not on this day and not in this atmosphere. I had been listening to the President just five minutes before, and heard him explain our reasons for waging war. I was prepared to accept that the way of life we were defending not only was good but was infused with good will. And now a U.S. soldier was acting as if our brave aims didn't mean anything.

I spoke as though I hadn't heard him. "Look," I said, "I'm not choosy.

Anything handy will do."

As though reciting a piece, he re-

peated, "I can't serve you."

I had come in on the clouds, and unless a situation is really alarming, I'm not one to view it with alarm. But now I felt that here was no laughing matter. I was an accredited correspondent. I was working with the army and other reporters to do a job. I was wearing the uniform of an officer. I was an American. I was a man.

"How about something to drink?" the man behind me shouted.

"I'm gonna get the major," the soldier said. "I can't serve no colored man."

I didn't move. There was something here that couldn't be dismissed with a shrug. I knew that I couldn't look myself in the face in days to come if I turned tail and ran. I had to stand on the one thing in this world that nearly every man will fight for: the inherent dignity of man.

The major came in behind a big cigar. Evidently the soldier had briefed him on the situation, because he came up to me and demanded, "What's all the fuss about?"

I felt on surer ground with a man of responsibility. "No trouble, major," I said. "I merely asked for a cup of coffee—and I'm still waiting. And so are most of the other correspondents. We'd like to get served before starting to work."

The major looked uncertain for a moment. He ignored the others and turned again to me. "We don't want any trouble out of you—not with the

President upstairs."

"Don't drag in the President!" somebody shouted. "We can settle this ourselves. If this man doesn't get served, then nobody should!"

British and French journalists were looking at us. This was an all-American spat, and they didn't miss



"I can't serve you."

a word. Then three correspondents headed for the lobby and I started to follow. But the major got in front of us and yelled for the armed guards. One of them brought me to a halt by putting a gun in my stomach.

"Don't move," he snarled. "Not

even a little bit."

I didn't move. And the men who had spoken up in my behalf also stopped. We were all herded back through the bar and into the writing room.

We had come to the hotel in a group, which meant that until the last man was finished, nobody could go anywhere. So when I'd dropped my story into the pouch, I had almost an hour to wait. I came out and sat in a corner near the bar. Coffee and sandwiches were plentiful and everybody got all he wanted—except me.

They told me later in the home office that I wrote a pretty fair story, but it must have written itself. I don't remember a thing about it. And a year later Secretary of War Patterson presented me with a certificate of meritorious service from the War Department, but that sick feeling was still inside me. Casablanca I refused to talk about, and tried my best not to think about.

That was my story. When I'd finished telling it, the Frenchwoman asked, "If the same soldier who refused you that drink were to walk in here right now, what would you do?"

"You think, perhaps, that I should offer him a cup of coffee?" I retorted. Everybody smiled, even the

Frenchwoman. Then she said quietly, "Let me tell you a little story. It happened during the war, about the same time you were in Casablanca. I was working as a cloakroom girl in a big hotel here in Paris. High nazi officials used to hold meetings in the main ballroom. One of these gatherings brought together just about all the top leaders of Germany. As I checked their coats, a German soldier stood by my checkroom with a light machine gun. When they were all inside and the door closed, the soldier laid his gun down and went into the hall to speak to another guard.

"He seemed to have forgotten me. As soon as his back was turned I came out of my cubbyhole and grabbed up the gun. I ran to the door of the ballroom and eased open the door. Here was my chance to rid the world of the men who had plotted the conquest of Europe. They were the ones who kept Hitler in power. All I had to do was pull the trigger and spray that room with death. What happened to me afterward didn't matter—they would be gone!"

She paused, and sipped her coffee. "But at the last moment," she went on, "something unexpected happened. Suddenly I seemed to be seeing St. Thérèse, my patron saint. I stood there in a daze, and when I tried to pull the trigger I found I couldn't do it. It seemed like an eternity before I stopped trying, and slowly let the gun sag. I closed the door quietly and went back to my cloakroom and

laid the gun on the counter. After a while, the soldier came back. He never knew I had touched it. Something had saved me from doing a terrible thing—and I haven't let anyone make me hate him since that day."

We were quiet when she stopped talking. Then she asked me, "Are

you a Catholic?"

"No," I told her.

"Then you'll have to do it all by yourself. You must rid yourself of the cancer you've been carrying around inside for 17 years!"

"You mean," I said, "that I've got to bring myself to the point where I'd be willing to buy that soldier a

cup of coffee?"

She nodded. "That would be the first step. The rest would come easy." She stopped, and then said softly, "It

costs too much to hate. And do you know who pays? The person who hates—not the other one."

I didn't believe her, not then. Not right away. But the 'next day Khrushchev began talking, and I saw how much hate there is in the world today. I began to think deeply about what that woman had said to me. I decided to try her way—even without the benefit of a patron saint. But maybe I got some help anyway, for in less than a week I found it was easier than I expected.

I'm perfectly willing, now, to buy that soldier a cup of coffee, but I just can't find him. So I'm buying java, every time I get a chance, for other people I thought I didn't like. And the funny thing is, I find they're

pretty nice people!



#### SIGNS OF THE TIMES

On a metal plaque on California's 12-million-ton Shasta dam: "U.S. Government Property. Do Not Remove."

Better Homes and Gardens (July '60).
On the window in a door of an office in the Pentagon: "Confused Records Clerk."

Dr. L. Binder.

Inside a Jamaica, N.Y., garage: "Please keep off the grease." F. G. Kernan.

Over a bar in New York City: "Never drink on an empty wallet."

Philadelphia Inquirer (16 Aug. '60).

In a Toronto Catholic church: "Some people refuse to come up to the front of the church unless escorted by pallbearers."

Toronto Star (11 Dec. '59).
On a highway near Valley Forge: "George Washington Slept Here—But Your Business Won't."

Dr. L. Binder.

A Lancaster, Calif., want ad: "1929 Model A Ford. Take over payments."

Philadelphia Inquirer (21 July '60).

On the marquee of a drive-in theater in rural Pennsylvania: "FOR ADULTS ONLY. Children Under 12 Admitted Free."

D.L.B.



Ann Sothern

#### I N WATERLOO, IOWA, a four-yearold moppet with long titian curls and big blue eyes once walked onto the stage of the local theater to sing

Pretty Baby.

Midway through the chorus, she noticed that the theater was half empty. Her eyes flashed anger. She stopped abruptly and toddled off in a huff. "I refuse to waste my talents on small audiences," she announced.

Today, some 44 years later, she plays to an audience of at least 40 million Americans, Canadians, Britons, and Australians each week.

The girl who made the childhood vow and kept it beyond even her wildest imagination is Ann Sothern, the breezy, vivacious star of *The Ann Sothern Show*, one of the highest-rated comedy series on television.

In each half-hour show, Ann plays Katy O'Connor, assistant manager of a New York hotel with hot-andcold-running problems. Katy, an at-

# America's Favorite Gal Friday

She has won the nation's heart as Maisie, Susan Camille Mc-Namara, and Katy O'Connor

By Ray Kerrison

tractive, plump blonde, usually solves them all with charm, wacky fun, and sharp wit. The role is a pushover for Ann. She just plays herself. Off camera, she is a gracious, hard-working woman, with an executive mind. With these talents, Ann has become one of the world's best comediennes, America's favorite "gal Friday," and Hollywood's most successful career woman.

She co-produces *The Ann Sothern* Show with Desilu, Inc., collects residuals from the reruns of another top TV series, *Private Secretary*, and reigns over four corporations.

These are Vincent Productions, a TV company named after one of her favorite saints, St. Vincent de Paul; the A Bar S Music Publishing Co.; the A Bar S cattle ranch; and a sewing center. They bring her a gross income of \$300,000 and keep six accountants and lawyers busy.

She lives in a huge black-andwhite mansion in the Bel-Air section of West Los Angeles. The house, once owned by author Lloyd C. Douglas, is filled with precious art works and boasts an office, fitting room, playroom, bar, soda fountain, projection room, and swimming pool. (Ann calls it "the fortress.") She is a member of St. Paul the Apostle parish in Westwood.

For all her success and wealth, Ann considers an illness that almost claimed her life as the most important thing that ever happened to her. In 1949, before sailing to London to appear at a command performance for the late King George VI, she was accidentally given a contaminated vaccine shot. She contracted infectious hepatitis, sometimes known as the "yellow killer." Within three months she was in the hospital.

She stayed on her back for three painful years. She underwent three major operations, including a thyroidectomy, which threw her entire nervous system off balance.

"I had to be kept in a dark room," she recalls, "because the least bit of light seemed like the jab of a thou-

sand needles.

"The slightest noise sounded like a clap of thunder. The nurses couldn't even wear starched uniforms because the rustling would send me into hysterics. And the pressure of a sheet over me was sheer agony."

As she improved, time hung heavily on her hands. Ann used it to take stock of her life. "I listed all my blessings," she says. "I had lots of friends, a beautiful home, and an adorable daughter, Patricia. But I felt an awful void."

The daughter of a broken marriage, Ann herself had been divorced twice. Her first husband was former band leader Roger Pryor; her second was actor Robert Sterling, Patricia's father.

In pursuit of a happier, more orderly life she began reading books on philosophy, the sciences, and re-

ligion.

"I was never an agnostic," she says.

"As a child I always used to go to
Sunday school, but later I just ig-

nored religion."

She read many books on Catholicism. She became interested in the Catholic religion through discussions with actor Richard Egan, and later with his brother, Father Willis Egan, S.J., of Loyola university, Los Angeles. (Richard Egan is her daughter Patricia's godfather.) Ann received formal instructions from Father Walshe Murray, S.J., of Loyola. She was received into the Church in 1952.

Said her agent, Jerry Asher, "I'd known Ann for nearly 20 years but even I didn't know of her conversion until she told me afterwards."

Ann says, "Suddenly the things that had seemed so important to me became inconsequential. It seems so sad that it takes a drastic order to goad some of us into seeking the truth.

"I could never have survived without help from God. My illness also taught me a lot about understanding and patience."

Ann has made a triumph of every

phase of show business. In addition to TV, she has starred on Broadway, on radio, and in night clubs, and has appeared in nearly 50 movies.

A clue to her success may be found in the sign tacked over the door of her studio dressing room. It reads, "I'd like to compliment you on your work. When do we start?"

Ann works a hectic 12 hours a day, six days a week, and "shoots" a show in three days. She spends hours choosing the slightly crazy hats, daring hairdos, and the four or five outfits she wears in each show.

"I have to be fussy," she explains, "because of the 1,000 letters I get each week about 80% are from eagle-eyed women.

"If they don't like my clothes or hair, or if they think I'm putting on an extra pound or two, they don't hesitate to tell me. And I listen because I like to please them."

Many of her keenest admirers are stenographers who have rated her their No. 1 pin-up since she appeared in *Private Secretary*. In that series (now on its fifth rerun in some cities) Ann played Susan Camille McNamara, the daffy, lovable secretary to the boss of a talent agency. Each week, Susie invariably saved the boss from himself and kept the firm solvent.

"I always made sure the scripts were written so that Susie could tell off the big, hulking male at the finish," says Ann.

One secretary wrote to her, "At last you've made us look and be-

have like human beings. We're so sick and tired of being depicted as idiotic goon girls."

One secretary, told by the star how to wear her glasses to advantage, wrote later, "The boss and I will drink a toast to you as soon as we get to Niagara Falls!"

Ann was born Harriette Lake in Valley City, N.D., in 1912. Her mother, Annette Yde, was an opera singer. Her father, Walter, was an actor. (He now manages Ann's cattle spread in Idaho. Through her influence, he entered the Church himself last year.) Her maternal grandfather was Hans Nilson, the famed Danish violinist.

Ann moved with her parents and two sisters to Minneapolis, Minn., soon after her birth. Her childhood was a chapter of misfortune. As a toddler, she almost strangled on a lollipop. At six, while she was playing with matches her nightgown caught fire; she was hospitalized with severe burns. She was once run over by an automobile as she pushed another child out of its path. Later, she was stricken with anemia.

"I think I must have been made of steel and rubber to have survived," she laughs.

Before she entered her teens Ann was already an accomplished pianist, her small fingers gliding through Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms with stylish ease. In high school she won top prize for three consecutive years for her original compositions. Today, she has more than 100 songs to her

credit, including Katy, the theme of her current TV show.

After her parents' divorce, Ann went with her mother to California,

where she studied singing.

She picked up bit parts in movies when Florenz Ziegfeld, the famous producer, spotted her and whisked her into two shows on Broadway. She auditioned for the lead in the musical *America's Sweetheart* and landed it at \$500 a week. Harry Cohn, chief of Columbia Pictures, plucked her from the stage soon afterward, and transplanted her back to Hollywood.

He didn't like her name and changed it to Ann Sothern. The "Ann" came from her mother, the "Sothern" from the great Shakepearean actor, E. H. Sothern.

For the first time, Ann played to smaller audiences than she liked. She fell in with a struggling redhaired comedienne named Lucille

Ball.

"We used to cry on each other's shoulders," Ann recalls. "I said I got the parts Katharine Hepburn didn't want and Lucy said she got the parts I didn't want. But now she owns half a studio and I have just half a TV package, so you can see how she came out ahead."

In 1938, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer resurrected an old script that had been bought for Jean Harlow but, on that star's death, had been shelv-

ed.

To try to salvage its money, the studio decided to make it into a cheap

production. For the lead role, it wanted a girl in love with life and one who could be hired for little money. It settled for Ann Sothern.

The picture was called *Maisie*. As Maisie Revere, Ann was a gumchewing, wise-cracking gal from Brooklyn with a heart of gold and an affinity for man trouble.

To nearly everyone's surprise, the film was a minor box-office bonanza. In that hit-or-miss fashion, Ann became a comedienne and a star. M-G-M signed her to a contract and steered her into six more *Maisie* movies, which eventually made more money for the studio than any other of its series.

When that gusher ran dry, Ann starred in such hits as Lady Be Good, As Thousands Cheer, and Panama Hattie. She won a leading part in Letter to Three Wives, which won two Academy awards in 1949.

But, at the crest of her career, Ann was suddenly pitched into the

trough.

Her marriage to Robert Sterling fell apart, she was felled with hepatitis, her studio canceled her contract, and she almost wound up broke after paying out \$200,000 in medical and drug bills.

"I used to call myself Indestructible Annie, but now I discovered how helpless I was," she says. "I felt sorry for myself, and resentful."

The road back to stardom was long and agonizing. To recapture her selfconfidence, left in tatters by a threeyear absence from work, Ann forced herself to take a starring role with Robert Cummings in a Broadway

play, Faithfully Yours.

"I was so terrified I had to use every bit of will power to force myself out onto the stage," she says. "But after the first night I knew everything was going to be all right."

To make sure, Ann, characteristically, tackled a brand new field for her: night clubs. Working and praying ceaselessly, she put together a song-and-dance act and opened in a Las Vegas hotel, jammed with star-studded first nighters.

When it was over, the applause shook the building. "If you don't stop I'll start crying and my mascara will run," she happily told the audi-

ence.

In 1952, Ann launched the first of her *Private Secretary* TV series with the philosophy, "I want to please people; to make them smile and

laugh."

Producer Jack Chertok said of Ann, "She is the most expert comedienne in the business." Televiewers agreed, and Ann's ratings zoomed. Ann and Chertok worked together for four years, churning out 104 half-hour shows.

A disagreement with the producer and a desire not to overexpose Susie prompted Ann to pull out of the show.

Another producer attempted to resume the series without Ann, but it quickly folded. Ann took a year's rest, then embarked on the most perilous of all TV assignments, a second series. Some of the most famous names in TV had tried a second show before her, only to collapse

amid poor ratings.

Ann pored over more than 100 scripts and formats for a new show before settling on Katy O'Connor and her hotel. She called it *The Ann Sothern Show*, and set it loose on the airways with a prayer on her lips and hope in her heart.

After a dubious start, the show swung into top gear and won high ratings. It is now in its third season. That makes Ann almost unique in the tough, demanding business of

television.

"You could say I'm the happiest girl in Hollywood," she laughed.

One of her major sources of happiness is daughter Patricia, whom Ann calls Tish. At 15, Tish reflects the beauty and musical talent of her mother. She loves ranch life and has no intention of becoming an actress, a decision which makes Ann "ecstatic."

"I think the business is far too rugged for a woman," says Ann. "To discourage Tish, I used to take her to the studio to see at first hand the demands and frustrations of the business.

"If I had my life over again I would never be an actress. I would be a wife with a home; maybe a diplomat's wife, because I love meeting people and talking to them."

Ann's two pet hobbies are gardening and photography. She has a geranium and a camellia named after her, and such is her green-thumb enthusiasm that she once planted tulip bulbs at midnight with the aid of a flashlight. Suspicious, wellmeaning neighbors mistook her for a

burglar and telephoned the police. After 30 years in show business, Ann still has no intention of retiring. "But when I do I will become a full-time producer," she says.

#### NEW WORDS FOR YOU

By G. A. CEVASCO

One good indication of your mental ability is your acquaintance with and interest in words. Is your vocabulary as large as you would like it to be? If not, one of the best ways to build your stock of words is to learn some important word roots. A comparatively small number of Greek and Latin roots enter into the make-up of many thousands of English words.

In Latin, for example, tendere means to stretch. Of the words built from this root (ten, tens, tend, tent) twelve are listed below in Column A. Recognize them? See if you can match them with their meanings found in Column B.

Column A	Column B
1. extensor	a) Quality or state of being stretched.
2. tension	b) Device for determining tautness, especially of wire.
3. extend	c) Act of stretching; physical or mental strain; stress.
4. tent	d) To become swollen; to expand or stretch apart.
5. distend	e) Heedful; "stretching to or toward"; observant.
6. tensiometer	f) A forewarning; "stretched forth"; a marvel.
7. intended	g) A muscle that stretches or straightens a limb.
8. tenterhook	<ul> <li>h) A shelter made by stretching canvas or other materia over poles.</li> </ul>
9. contend	<ul> <li>To enlarge in area, scope, influence; to stretch out or prolong.</li> </ul>
10. tensility	j) A sharp nail used for stretching cloth on a frame.
11. portent	k) To complete; to stretch in opposition; to vie.
12. attentive	l) Meant; planned; "stretched at"; prospective.
	(Answers on page 17.)

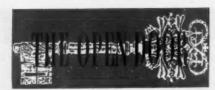


# Irish Mist Ireland's Legendary Liqueur

An ancient recipe...a brand-new taste experience. This delicious afterdinner drink is Ireland's only liqueur. Try it. 80 Proof. Sole U. S. Representatives: Munson G. Shaw Co., New York 17, N.Y.

### SERVE IRISH MIST COFFEE IN BEAUTIFUL CRYSTAL GOBLETS

Limited offer. Set of two 7½ oz. Irish Mist Coffee Goblets finished in Killarney green with 22 carat gold rims. Send only \$1.00. Shipped prepaid to: Munson G. Shaw Co., Inc. P.O. Box 1742, Grand Central Station, New York 17, New York.



This girl. I used to date is the latest convert of Father White, founder of the first Jesuit church in America, the centuries-old St. Ignatius church in Maryland. In 1952, when I was a lad of 20 in the U.S. navy, I was stationed at Patuxent River, Md., and there it was that I myself was received into the Church.

Three miles from the naval base, at the small parish of St. Mary's, Jesuit Father Mac was concerned about the run-down condition of St. Ignatius. It and the outside memorial altar were in desperate need of restoration. Father Mac called on base personnel for assistance.

We gathered a group of sailors and Waves irrespective of denomination. With tools and materials (which we paid for) we went to the neglected colonial-type church, with its tumbling horseshoe balcony. The graveyard was overgrown; the headstones leaned. We struggled; but we badly needed the aid of a professional artist to repaint the stencils and direct the statue repairs.

This was where Mary came in—as an artist. She was a Protestant, and always looked warily at me when I in my convert's enthusiasm spoke of Father Mac or the Church. Reluctantly, she finally consented to look at the St. Ignatius church, but she made it plain "she couldn't abide having a priest looking over her shoulder."

Quickly she fell in love with her restoration work. Soon she was asking

about the Church, its history in Maryland.

We finished our last weekend with a clambake and hamburgers. The restoration was celebrated with a high Mass on Easter Sunday of 1952. By that time Mary had learned what she wanted from life. No, I didn't marry her. The last I heard she was planning to become a Sister. Lawrence Hayes.

WHILE IN MY senior year in college, I had a younger classmate from Hawaii who was a devout Buddhist. One day he told me he was engaged to a Catholic girl, and was taking premarital instructions from a priest who was president of a local Catholic college.

The boy said that he would always remain a Buddhist, but that he was greatly impressed with this priest and his presentation of Catholicism. One night, out of curiosity, I went with him. I listened spellbound.

I missed none of the instructions that followed. I should mention that I was married, and a father. In my case, conviction and faith were not simultaneous; but I determined that my boys would be brought up in the Catholic Church.

When I confronted my wife about this, she was completely astounded, because she had left the Church a few years before, and we had been attending a Protestant church regularly. My new faith revived her own interest in it, and shortly thereafter she went to Confession. Within a few weeks, our marriage vows were repeated, and our boys baptized. At length I, too, was ready, and was baptized. Our happiness after two years still knows no bounds.

[For statements of true incidents by which persons were brought into the Church, \$50 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts cannot be acknowledged or returned.]

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY ADDRESSEE

No postage stamp necessary if mailed in the United States

CATHOLIC

2959 Hamline Avenue St. Paul 13, Minn.

FIRST CLASS
PERMIT NO. 607
SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA

# It's Quick, Easy, Inexpensive to give CATHOLIC DIGEST SPECIAL CHRISTMAS GIFT RATES

end to			
Sity	Zone	State	BUY
end to			
address			_ / 5
lity	Zone	State	BUYS 2nd
end to			1
ddress			5
ity	Zone	State	BUYS 3rd
end to			1
ddress			45
ity	Zone	State	BUYS BOT
end to			YOUR 4th &
ddress			· W
ity	Zone	State	
Enter 5 1-Yr. Gifts @ \$15			
Enter 3 1-Yr. Gifts @ \$10	Your Name		
Enter 2 1-Yr. Gifts @ \$7	Address		
Enter 1 1-Yr. Gift @ \$4	City		
Check this box to include a	Oit,		
subscription for yourself	Zone	State	



You solve your shopping problem with a few strokes of your pen. You delight your friends by giving them the same magazine you yourself enjoy—a Catholic gift that "repeats itself" with a new issue every month.

### FREE if you act now

If you order today we will have time to send you a beautiful Religious announcement card, one for each gift you order.

HOLIC DIGEST

₩ AND MAIL TODAY

# SAVE TIME SAVE MONEY

Do your Christmen Shopping Horn Special Gift Rates Jon



## Monsignor 'Alfalfa George'

A rural pastor shows his people the relationship between their religion and their stewardship of the land

sgr. George J. Hildner has spent most of his life as a priest among cattle and chicken farmers. "I've been riding this train for 55 years," he says, "most of the time in the caboose." Though he has traveled through Europe and the U.S. and has been offered many comfortable parishes, he prefers to work among Missouri farmers.

He is a tall, robust man of 79 who talks continuously and squints with one eye, the other having been almost shut by a stroke. He likes wild colors: along with his clerical black, he may wear a plaid sports jacket, a wine-colored scarf, a tan baseball

cap.

He once surprised parishioners by redecorating the church in red, green, and blue, using liturgical symbols. He used a beam from an old railroad bridge to support the choir loft; and set in railroad ties as joists above the sanctuary doors. His flock has grown accustomed to some of his other habits: conservation posters hang in the church vestibule, and model tractors stand in the rectory. His sermons may go on for 45 minutes. They often deal with such sub-



Msgr. George J. Hildner

jects as soil conservation and stewardship of the land.

Before Monsignor Hildner's ordination in 1905, he had little interest in farming. He lived in St. Louis, received his Bachelor's and Master's degrees in fine arts, and had a reputation in the seminary for quick wit and intelligence. For ten years he worked in a busy city parish in St. Louis, often disconcerting the older pastors by innovations in youth work.

In 1915, he was sent to the missions of southeastern Missouri. He was stationed in a lowland village of 100 people along the Mississippi. To

\*377 Park Ave., S., New York City 16. August, 1960. © 1960 by A.M.D.G. Publishing Co.,
Inc., and reprinted with permission.

keep from going to "dry rot," he started raising chickens. He soon was winning blue ribbons at county fairs and selling hatching eggs through Missouri and Kansas to finance the church. The first building he constructed was a chicken house. By the next year he had organized a farmers' cooperative.

During spring floods in 1922, the farmland levee started to give way. Through Holy Week Monsignor Hildner helped pile sandbags on the levee, patrolling it with a shotgun to protect it from dynamiting by downstream poachers. On Easter Sunday, while he was preparing for High Mass, he saw that the levee might be destroyed by a packet boat coming down the Mississippi at full speed. He was able to slow the boat—but only by shooting at it.

That night the levee broke. In the general store, he stood in water knee deep telephoning to outside areas for help, then rowed through his parish rescuing flood victims from roofs and trying to save their livestock.

When the flood waters receded, he called a meeting of the farmers. They elected him their contractor for a new levee. He financed it with \$450,000 worth of bonds, organizing public auctions for representatives from 40 Midwestern bond houses. After chicken dinners cooked by farm women and the auctions conducted by the monsignor, the bonds sold above par; he was left with a surplus. (When the brokers stalled for a lower price, Monsignor

Hildner reminded them that the train was leaving shortly: they would have to sleep in the church pews.) The new levee protected 35,000 acres

of Mississippi bottom land.

Twenty-six years ago, the controversial pastor was transferred to a more peaceful though not very prosperous parish 40 miles southwest of St. Louis: St. John's of Gildehaus. Archdiocesan officials thought he might retire there. The old brick church had been built in the Civil war by the *Platt Deutsch*, immigrant farmers from the low country of Germany. They had dug the clay on the parish property, baked the bricks, and quarried the stone there, and then cut walnut and oak trees for the columns and roof.

"When the parish picnic was rained out, we ate in the church with umbrellas over us because the roof was full of holes," he recalls. The farmers were industrious, but not particularly well informed on modern farming. They ran little bluff farms along tributaries of the Missouri river, trying to cultivate tobacco and grain crops on steep slopes as well as in fertile valleys. Gullies showed severe soil erosion.

From 1935 to 1940, Monsignor Hildner experimented with soil conservation on the 33-acre church property, which became a demonstrational farm. On the rolling hills he built terraces to control runoff and water and wind erosion. He planted grass in fields mined by too many crops. Catholic and non-Catholic farmers

met at the church to study conservation methods.

Most of the farmers had only a cow or two. Monsignor Hildner suggested they raise livestock. They needed electricity for the barns. For 18 years, the farmers had used coal oil and gas lamps while the electric wires went past them to the nearest town ten miles from the church.

Monsignor Hildner visited the utility company, demanding that wires be strung into the homes and barns of farmers who needed it. After a more emphatic visit to the company's central office—and the threat that the farmers would form their own cooperative-electricity was given to the area; with it the farmers could secure machinery and better barns. In the next years, the monsignor organized a milk cooperative, set up dairy classes in the basement of the parish school, and found a market for the milk. Pure-bred cattle slowly began to appear on the hillside pastures, and acres of terraced grass, with small ponds for water runoff, blanketed the parish.

On a trip to Kansas City to address the National Catholic Rural Life conference in 1943 (he had helped organize it in 1923) the monsignor was trying to write a speech while thinking of a problem in his parish: a drought had withered the local alfalfa needed for feed. He saw stacks of good alfalfa out of the train window.

At the next stop, he got off the train and bargained for 500 tons of

alfalfa. He and a farmer from St. John's formed an Alfalfa association, borrowed money, and organized a caravan of trucks. The association saved thousands of dollars. It also gave Monsignor Hildner the name "Alfalfa George."

Alfalfa George is a vicar forane for 20 other churches and monasteries in his deanery and spiritual adviser to their priests. He holds about 25 Church and state honors. He has been named the country's outstanding rural clergyman, and received his state's first Master Conservationist award. His plaques are stacked haphazardly beneath books and model tractors.

Rogation days, Corpus Christi, and other Church festivals are marked by community celebrations in his parish. Monsignor Hildner and the parishioners recite the Mass together, as they have done for 25 years, then chant psalms asking God's blessing on the soil, pastures, and crops, and protection from lightning, hail, storms, and floods. After singing the prayers, he translates passages not in English, interpreting them to the people. Occasionally, the chanting is interrupted by the sound of a tractor being driven by on the gravel road.

On Corpus Christi the congregation walks in a night procession to five altars in the fields, along a route lit by flares and strewn with flowers. The crowd, with banners and flags, moves from one altar to the next following the pealing of the church bells, named for the legendary Magi. "You can hear Caspar, Melchior, and Balthazar in the next county—if the

wind is right," he says.

Weddings may be attended by the parish as a whole. Until a few years ago Monsignor Hildner would give the wedding breakfast in his home after the church ceremony. Much of his time is taken up with marriage counseling: almost no divorces or separations have occurred in the history of the parish.

At a funeral, he summarizes the life of the dead parishioner, often including an account of the parents' lives, then leads the funeral procession and the choir to the graveyard (to the left of the church), past the family tombstones, to a grave dug by neighbors. Cemetery trees and shrubs have been planted by the monsignor; in his free moments he trims them.

From the graveyard, at the top of a hill facing the Missouri valley,

Monsignor Hildner can look over much of his parish. Even with his reforms there is poverty—the land is clay and rock—but the parish has improved. It has no tenant farmers or mortgaged farms; most log cabins have disappeared. The sons often build a home on the family farm and work in factories in towns, with one foot in industry and one foot on the land.

The new homes stand in clusters of trees, somewhat removed from the traditional farm grouping of home, barn, chicken house, and garden. To Monsignor Hildner they look like new patches being added to an old

quilt.

"When a man hands down a farm to his children," he says, "it should be in as good shape as it was when he had it, or better. The stewardship of the Lord is our treatment of the land, trees, water, and wildlife—the greatest resources God has given us outside of our souls and our bodies."



### APPRAISALS

The 5th-grade teacher, who always had her picture taken with her class, noticed a pupil looking through the pictures. "Are you looking for a friend?" she asked.

"No," he replied, "I'm trying to see which of your classes aged you the most."

Kindergartner, showing bathroom scale to a friend: "All I know is, you stand on it and it makes you mad."

Education Digest (October, 1960).

# Why We Have a Saviour

The littlest scholars retell the story in the very simplest terms

By Sister Eugene, S.C.

NOTHING is so empty as a school without children. If you are in a school building on a holiday, you find yourself almost tiptoeing down the echoing corridors, as if fearing to disturb the weekend ghosts.

For a brief hour every Saturday morning, a suburban grade school in our area comes alive again with catechism classes for Catholic children who attend public schools. I have been teaching Christian doctrine to a group of Mexican children there.

One recent Saturday, our classroom suddenly became the Garden of Paradise.

"We'll dramatize today," I announced. "Do you know how to play act?"

Half-scared but wholly eager, the children prepared to do the story of the Creation and the Fall. I didn't attempt type casting. The Lord was to be a serious lad with a mop of uncut hair. Adam was a tiny, trim, precocious 1st grader with dancing black eyes, who slanted an appraising look at his 4th-grade mate, bigger than he. I heard him remark



casually, "You're a pretty fat Eve," as I busily sorted out a volunteer lion, dog, elephant, and ape.

Everyone wanted to be the devil. (The psychologists can figure that one out.) But since he was a key figure and the boys were few, I decided on a dainty little señorita who could think fast—just in case she might have a hard time persuading the First Parents.

The setting was really effective. The regular teacher in that classroom (whose name I still do not know, though we invade her domain weekly) could hardly have done better if she had known what I was to think up that day. On the cupboard was a collection of plants; on a table at the rear were cans with sprouts started from seeds; on a stand at the left was some artificial fruit from

which several still-life drawings had been made.

Best of all, tacked on the front board was a large brown paper tree. Superimposed were colored circles bearing the grammar exercises of the more accomplished. I'm sure that every child before me would have sworn that very real fruit, rosy and appealing, grew there that day.

Then it began. Eve and her halfpint Adam stood up front, not yet saying much. After all, conversation was something new to them, and my First Parents had a critical little audi-

ence.

God walked on from the left. "Well," he said, jumping right into the middle of the action, "look what I have done for you. I've given you flowers, and trees, and animals—and trees—and—oh, yes, you can have anything you see." (Bravo, I thought, he's doing it.) "But not those. Don't eat any of those apples," he finished, pointing.

"Why?" demanded Eve.

"Because I said so, that's why," retorted the unshorn one.

"OK," was the meek answer.

Then she and Adam started to look around to see what they owned. They didn't get very far, because the animals without cue went into character. Adam was supposed to name them, but Eve couldn't wait.

"That's a dog," she said as one

barked.

Something scurried down my aisle and Eve came after it.

"Get back up in front," I whis-

pered, "and pretend you're going through a woods."

Eve caught on. Looking up, she

said, "Adam, I hear birds."

Distracted by what seemed to be a gibbering ape, Adam appeared uninterested. "How do you know they're birds?"

She had no answer, but tried valiantly again. Going over to a larger boy who crouched quietly on his haunches in the corner, she inquired, "What are you?"

He gave her a pitying look. "I'm an elephant," he said disgustedly.

All this time, with the animals all trying to get into the act, I was having a little difficulty hearing. "That's enough of that," I thought. "We must get on with the story.

"All right, animals," I interrupted, reluctantly but firmly. "Lie down and go to sleep. You're tired."

Adam must have decided that he was, too. In the middle of the floor he stretched his two-feet-plus length, and as he rested his head on his hand supported by his elbow, he whispered up at the formidable Eve, "Don't fall over me."

Now from the left slunk the devil. He addressed Eve, pointing: "See that tree?" Eve nodded. "Why don't you eat an apple?"

"I'm not supposed to."

"Eat one anyway. You'll be as great as God."

"OK." Eve toppled fast. Then she walked over to the reclining Adam.

"Why don't you eat an apple?" she asked him.

"Aw, no—" and he put out a restraining hand, never taking his head from the other one. "We're not allowed. You know that."

"Come on," coaxed Eve. "You'll

be as great as God."

Adam thought that one over. Eve

waited prudently.

"OK," agreed Adam, jumping up all of a sudden. I thought he would just reach for hers, but nothing doing. We were to have a little originality.

Leaning nonchalantly against the doorjamb with one hand on his hip, best Western style, he asked coolly, "Well, do I get yours or do I have to

take one off the tree?"

"Get it off the tree," directed Eve, starting to munch again on her

imaginary apple.

When Adam reached up, picked his apple, and took a bite, we all looked expectantly to the left. It was God's cue, but he didn't appear.

God was sitting open-mouthed, utterly absorbed in the drama. Everything stopped. Finally, the devil,

sitting near him, hissed, "Get in there, God." He leaped up and hurried on.

"What's comin' off here?" he de-

manded. Then he saw.

"All right, you hafta be punished. You hafta get out of the garden. You hafta work hard. You hafta . . . ."

"Suffer," prompted the devil, off-

side.

"You hafta suffer—and get sick and then you'll die." (I was bursting with pride as he pulled all that doctrine out of his tangle of hair.) "But," he continued, his heart taking over,

"I'll send you a Saviour."

So Adam and Eve covered their faces and slunk off right; and the animals scrambled up and became their own lovable selves; and lessons went on until the final ritual—a ritual they never let me forget. Each child dips his finger into a little medicine bottle of holy water and privately but devoutly, while the rest struggle into wraps, he looks up into my face and makes that most beautiful sign in the world, the Sign of the Cross.



### MAN WITH A HOE

Four golfers were on the green when a ball plopped into their midst. One of them winked at the others and shoved the ball into the hole. A few seconds later a fat fellow came puffing up. "Did any of you see a ball around here?" he asked.

"Yeah," one golfer replied. "It's in the hole."

The fat man waddled over to the cup, stared unbelievingly down at the ball, and then picked it out of the cup. Then he ran down the fairway shouting, "Hey Louie! I got a nine!"

Minneapolis Star (11 Oct. '60).



# My Endangered Daughter

It took me eight long years to accept the fullness of the mercy of God

By Doris Stephenson Peet

NOTICED spots on my arms as I prepared for bed, and my eyes felt sore. I made a tired mental note to have them checked. In the morning, my throat was scratchy and my bones ached.

"What's the matter?" my husband asked incredulously. "You're covered with red spots!"

I was then in the ninth week of my fourth pregnancy. I stayed quietly in bed. My temperature was negligible and I was strong and healthy. When I was better, I made an appointment with my obstetrician in

the city, 50 miles away.

I walked into the doctor's office at 10:30 that morning. One hour later I was back on the street. My train didn't leave until 4 P.M. I had promised to eat a good lunch, so, almost automatically, I found a restaurant and ordered. The food might have been so much sand.

My mind kept repeating the obstetrician's words. "You have German measles. It's a virus disease that can be very harmful to the development of the foetus in the early weeks of pregnancy. You must prepare yourself for tragedy. Your baby may turn out to be normal, but statistics show that many children born under these conditions are defective. This child may be a deaf-mute; it may be blind, feeble-minded, or may suffer a congenital heart defect."

I left the restaurant and started to walk through the shopping area and on through the business district. I was aware as in a dream that people stared at me apprehensively. Such devastating news must show.

I came to a bridge leading out of the city. Below, a train roared in toward the station. In that instant it occurred to me that I could stop this little new life from ever reaching fruition. It would never have to grope through endless darkness, or struggle vainly to communicate, or live out a life devoid of intelligence.

I stared down at the tracks with

fascination. The traffic noises receded. The rails glittered in the bright noon sunlight. My mind fought desperately to return to reality. Gradually I pulled myself back to my responsibilities, and I ran from the bridge.

Strangely enough, no thought came to me that I did not have the right to destroy myself. I was aware of no conscious idea of either the obligations or the consolations of my faith. I would have said I turned away because it was the reasonable thing to do. I did not then apprehend the sweetness of God's grace.

I found my way to the train at 4 P.M., anxious only to reach my husband and get his reassurance. It did not once occur to me to spare him the dreadful news that had shattered me. Not for one minute did I consider saving him from the nearly seven months of waiting and worry that lay ahead. Later I would understand that love seeketh not itself.

Somehow, we got through the next few days. Our family doctor came to our rescue. He was a wise old gentleman experienced in the ways of women. "Don't you fret," he told me gently. "I've delivered nearly 2,000 babies in my time, and some were well and some were not. You have as good a chance as most women to have a perfect baby." He left me a sedative and told me firmly, "Get some sleep. You've got to be fit to care for those other youngsters."

So my husband and I began the long months of waiting. At first I

had to force myself to care for the little ones, to cook, eat, or go for a walk. It was impossible to write letters. Gradually the first shock passed. I began to grasp the first faint rays of hope, and my natural good health began to assert itself.

During the months before the baby's arrival, I began to grow in spirit. So slow and subtle was the development that I was hardly aware of it. My active temperament, accustomed to immediate achievement, had to submit to the period of waiting. The most useful course I could think of was to pray, and gradually my prayers became different. They grew more intimate and less importunate, and I received in return the grace to accept the burden of what might lie ahead.

I began to deal more patiently and more gently with our other children, recognizing the extent of their dependence upon me. I grew more tender toward my husband, remembering with gratitude his strength in my hour of near despair. As weeks slipped into months, I found myself thinking more frequently of others. I became more sensitive to their needs, and I tried to spare them my own personal grief.

Whenever I would say the Lord's Prayer, I still hesitated over "Thy will be done," but the old rebellion was gone and the old arrogance that had once marked my relations with God disappeared, too. I had begun at last to see more clearly who I am and who God is.

I had been receiving instructions in the Catholic faith for months, and in April, on Easter Sunday, I was

baptized.

When Regina was born, she was a lovely little blond baby with especially beautiful hands and her father's blue eyes. The pediatrician who examined her pronounced her normal—or as nearly so as can be determined so early in life.

But we were afraid to rejoice, lest our happiness be premature. When I left the hospital, the obstetrician told me bluntly that we would not know until the child was approximately eight months old whether

any damage had been done.

Outside the hospital, our baby blinked at the sun, and we were filled with joy at her reaction to light. At home, when we dropped a book or slammed a door, she jumped. So we knew that her hearing was unaffected. Then began again the long period of waiting. Could she distinguish more than light and sound? Would intelligence develop?

We discovered that her coordination was good, and in a short time we established definitely that she could see. The first time she reached for a toy, the first time she smiled in recognition as her daddy bent over her, were not for us the ordinary milestones that such achievements are for other parents. They were millstones lifted from our hearts. When Regina cried, and the bawling ceased upon our opening a door, we laughed recklessly together, because

we knew the little ears were normally sharp and that the little mind had

grasped an idea.

She sat up early and pulled herself to a standing position on schedule. She played well, attempted to use her own spoon, gripped her cup of milk gracefully. But she cried without much provocation, and the crying degenerated into a kind of hysteria very rapidly. We knew some relief, but we retained our little nervous doubts.

It was not until she began to talk—quickly, fluently, and with definite intention—that we relinquished our fears, or thought we did.

But still we watched, without intending to do so. Regina was a happy-go-lucky child. She was deft and quick and purposeless.

The first school days brought us once again to the threshold of overt anxiety. Regina did not take well to the routine of school. At the close of the first year, the question, unspoken but always present, hung between us: Is this child normal?

We made an appointment to have Regina tested, and waited once again in dread for the report. The tests revealed a bright little girl who could go through college without difficulty. But there was yet another aspect to the matter.

Damage had been done to Regina, not by the German measles, but by our own worried watchfulness. Anxiety is easily transmitted, and we learned that our fears lay over the child's mind like a pall. Although we did not suspect she knew, she sensed and was frightened by the obscure terror that gripped our own hearts.

When her mind was relieved of this tension, school became a delight to her. Her bad dreams ceased and she embraced eagerly her new 3rd-grade subjects. Today as I hear her chanting with her classmates, "First grade, babies; second grade, brats; third grade, angels; fourth grade, rats," I wonder why I did not just relax and trust God from the beginning.

Now that we expect Regina to follow as easily as our other children the rules of living, now that her lessons are promptly done and her little chores finished, I keep wondering why it took me eight long years to accept God's mercy.

Tonight, when we tuck her into

bed, we will thank God that she is a normal, healthy child. But we will thank Him, too, for the other wonderful gifts bestowed upon us with her coming.

Most of all, we thank Him for the gift of my Catholic faith. But also we give thanks for that increase in charity that has taken us out of the narrow path of self-seeking, so that we have compassion for those who walk in perpetual darkness both temporal and eternal. We are grateful for the sympathy we now can share with parents who struggle to teach a retarded child, or face the heartbreak of separation from it: for the awareness that there are those about us who have never heard a mockingbird, or the sound of falling water, or the words of love that pass so casually among us every day.

Happy birthday, Regina!



## RUSSIAN ROULETTE

Nikita Khrushchev's bongo-drum performance before the UN in October recalls an incident that took place during his sweetness-and-light visit of just over a year ago. The locale was the Russian consulate in San Francisco. A reception was being held for American visitors.

While we waited for Nikita to make his appearance, the scene inside the Soviet hall became one of the greatest roughhouses I have ever beheld. Reporters and visitors alike were shouting and scrapping with each other. Cameramen fought, jostled, and pushed for better vantage points. The din was at its height when Khrushchev finally appeared.

In the sudden hush that settled over the room at the Russian's entrance, a television cameraman could be heard distinctly above the loud silence. He was bawling out someone. ". . . and furthermore," he said, "you are the biggest idiot I have ever seen in my life!"

"Silence!" commanded a Russian guard. "Don't forget that Chairman Khrushchev is present!" Edmund Forbes Burke. Names are his game

Fred Hall of St. Paul has collected thousands of autographs, and gives his own 1,500 times a year.

When Fred Hall spied the late Will Rogers walking down a Minneapolis, Minn., street 25 years ago, his heart quickened. His pupils contracted to pin points. Like a whippet hound in pursuit of a rabbit, Hall fixed his eyes on the nape of Rogers' neck. He began closing the gap between himself and his quarry.

Rogers, on his way to a personal appearance in a theater, had no idea that he was being pursued by an enterprising autograph hunter.

With his cigar clenched tight, Hall put on a burst of speed and brought his wiry frame to a halt in front of the great comedian. Fred smiled and introduced himself, at the same time deftly whipping pen and paper from his pocket. Rogers' momentary bewilderment turned to laughter, as he did what 3,000 other famous people have done during the past 40 years—took time to give Fred Hall an autograph.

Getting men as busy making history as Winston Churchill, Franklin



D. Roosevelt, Dwight Eisenhower, Harry Truman, and Herbert Hoover to take time for autographs is not easy. But Hall's ingenuity, persistence, and sheer gall have made him almost 100% successful. He steadfastly refuses to trade with other autograph collectors and he has never dealt with autograph brokers, who will sell hard-to-get signatures for a stiff price.

Hall, a stenographer in the autotheft division of the St. Paul Police department, has elevated his hobby to a high art. When he is in pursuit of a celebrity, he avoids the familiar crowd of starry-eyed autograph hunters. Hall's cardinal rule is: "Don't follow the mob." He prefers to use, except in emergencies, the personal touch.

When Harry Truman arrived in Hall's home town, St. Paul, Minn., for a political speech, it was smiling Fred Hall who glad-handed Truman

<sup>\*</sup>Columbus Plaza, New Haven 7, Conn. April, 1960. © 1960, and reprinted with permission.

at the auditorium entrance with autograph book in hand. Hall had hired out as temporary doorman for the occasion. When India's Nehru arrived in Washington for an official visit, his mail contained a "warm welcome to America" from Hall—with a request for his autograph. Former Vice President John Garner was one of hundreds of famous people who have been pleasantly surprised with warm greetings from Hall, and autograph requests, on their birthdays.

"The birthday approach backfired once," Hall recalls. "I'd sent greetings to Dr. Emile Coué, the Frenchman who advocated the famous 'every day in every way I am getting better and better' psychology. His wife wrote back saying he had died three years before." But Mrs. Coué sent the autograph anyway, clipped from the bottom of one of the doctor's letters.

Hall's collection contains hundreds of autographs of world-renowned poets, authors, military leaders, statesmen, actors, and artists. But he has been trying unsuccessfully for years to crack the hard shell surrounding the British royal family.

"The Duke of Windsor and the King and Queen of England replied to my letters through their secretaries," Hall says, "informing me that 'the press of business and other matters make it impossible to comply.'"

"British authors are almost as difficult," Hall says. "A. A. Milne set a \$2 price on his signature. I didn't send it." Hall refuses to pay for autographs. "H. G. Wells said, 'The matter of giving autographs is absurd unless both parties know each other.'" Secretaries signed the letters.

The autograph collector's nightmare came true for Hall one windy day in Chicago when he spotted the then famous movie comedian, Charlie Murray, and his wife.

"I followed them for three blocks," Hall recalls. "When I approached them and introduced myself, they were all smiles. I whipped out my pen. Murray started to sign his name. The pen was dry. Their smiles faded. His wife fished around in her purse and finally produced a pencil. He scratched his name, giving me a pained look. I never thought it could happen to me."

"Americans are generally cooperative," Hall says, "but there are exceptions. The Rockefellers (except Gov. Nelson D. of New York), Guggenheims, Morgans, and Fords have standing rules against autographs.

"Willie Collier, the stage comedian, and Gutzum Borglum, the Mt. Rushmore sculptor, both sent back letters stating, 'I never give my autograph.' But the letters were signed."

Not all British subjects are uncooperative, Hall adds. In addition to Winston Churchill's prized signature, Hall has autographs of David Lloyd George, Ramsay MacDonald, and Rudyard Kipling. John McCormack, the Irish tenor, gave Hall the scare of his life in 1925. Hall knocked on McCormack's hotel-room door and was confronted by an irate manager, who

said the singer was resting.

"He was furious when I told him what I wanted. He shouted at me at the top of his voice, denouncing autograph collectors in general. Then he grabbed my book and slammed the door in my face. I was stunned. It didn't dawn on me until I got home that my book with several hundred autographs was in McCormack's hands." It was returned three days later. McCormack had signed it.

Hall has had very little trouble getting the autographs of well-known authors, many of whom obviously hold that one good turn deserves another. Shortly after adding Erle Stanley Gardner, Zane Grey, Ring Lardner, and Octavus Roy Cohen to his collection, Hall received circulars from the authors announce-

ing their latest books.

Hall's biggest coup, in terms of obstacles overcome, was getting the autograph of John Dillinger's girl friend when she was on trial for a felony in a St. Paul federal court. She had refused to sign anything since her arrest, and she was, Hall says, "suspicious of anyone with a pen or a piece of paper." Hall got the autograph after approaching the lady's attorney in a St. Paul bar. She took her lawyer's advice and gave Hall a signature the police had been

vainly trying to obtain for weeks.

The strangest autograph in Hall's collection came from Two-Gun White-Calf, a Glacier park Indian chief whose unusual name in a news story caught Hall's inquisitive eye. The chief simply made a drawing of two guns and a calf.

The easiest autographs to get, Hall has found, are those of movie stars, government officials, and leaders of industry. Hall scored 100% with President Eisenhower's first cabinet. All responded by re-

turn mail.

"Most movie stars are a cinch," Hall says, "because they are constantly selling themselves to boost

their box-office ratings."

While Hall has been collecting autographs of famous people for four decades, he has no idea what his collection is worth. In time it might become priceless. The signature of Thomas Lynch, Jr., a signer of the Declaration of Independence, has sold for \$2,000. Martha Washington's rare autograph is currently worth about \$150. Hall is sure many of his have some value, but he has never consulted an autograph catalogue to find out how much.

What his collection is worth in money is not important, Hall feels. "It's been worth a million dollars for the glimpses of great people it has given me. And getting a hard-to-get autograph is a stimulating challenge. When I succeed, I get the same feeling a golfer must have when he

makes a hole in one.

"I am still amazed when people whose lives are crammed with awesome burdens take the time to give me autographs."

Dwight Eisenhower interrupted the staggering task of directing the war in Europe to pen his name for Hall.

Gen. Douglas MacArthur was in command of all military forces in the Pacific when he sent his autograph. Charles A. Lindbergh extricated himself from a throng of admirers shortly after his history-making flight to sign Hall's book. And Walt Disney took time out from his job of making millions laugh to draw Mickey Mouse holding a card with Disney's signature and saying, "There you are, Mr. Hall."

While Hall has collected several thousand autographs, he has given out more than he's received. Each year he orders printed about 1,500 cards which he hands out to acquaintances and those who visit his office.

Each card is inscribed: "The autograph of an autograph collector—Fred J. Hall."



#### KID STUFF

Our 5-year-old Kevin was paging through the encyclopedia when he came upon a picture of the Neanderthal man. "Mama, come here quick!" he exclaimed. "Look at the giant beatnik."

Roy E. Waltz.

Bobby was just finishing the cake as his mother stepped into the kitchen.

"Why, Bobby," she remonstrated, "you ate all the cake without even thinking of your little sister!"

"No I didn't!" replied Bobby. "I was thinking of her all the time. I was afraid she'd get here before I finished."

Gottfried von Kronenberger.

My half-sister Pamela was telling her father about an incident that occurred on a television program she had seen that day. The woman being interviewed had mentioned that she was very young when she got married. "And do you know, daddy, she was in her late 12's!" Pamela concluded excitedly.

Mrs. Heywood D. Potts.

"Donald," inquired mother, "did you wash your face before the music teacher came?"

"Yes, I did, mother," Donald replied.

"And your hands?"

"Yes'm."

"And your ears?"

"Well, mother," said Donald judicially, "I washed the one that would be next to her."

S. Gudge.

# Christmas Cards Are Clues to Character

Think twice before you choose a Scotty dog or a "sick" cartoon to convey your greeting

By Diana Serra Cary

ONE BRISK FALL DAY it suddenly dawns on us that we have only a few weeks left in which to choose, buy, address, stamp, and mail anywhere from 50 to 500 Christmas cards.

Cards are among the earliest harbingers of the holidays. They are also the last glittering remnants of it to be swept or filed away. To most of us comes that January morning in the silent living room, when the tree has just been hauled out and our carpet is crunchy with mica and parched pine needles. Seated purposefully at a desk heaped with cards cleared from the mantle or the pegboard, we finally look thoughtfully at pictures we only half noticed before: a colorful gallery of subjects, from ice-skating penguins to Da Vinci's Nativity.

Have you ever wondered as I have sometimes done, if the Christmas cards you sent to your friends revealed your temperament as closely as those they sent revealed theirs?



Is it just coincidence that my gourmet friend, an expert cook, invariably sends a card featuring steaming plum puddings or mince pies? It seems more than accidental that another friend, who was orphaned as a child and endured a youth of grinding poverty, now always selects a card with a cozy fireside scene.

Look at that formal charcoal silhouette of a coach-and-four on heavy gold foil; it came in the gold-lined envelope. The couple who sent it used to live next door, but every year since the war they have gone

steadily up in the world. Their cards have mirrored their climb. This year they moved into a \$75,000 home in an exclusive suburb. Their card is an elegant understatement of their new status. The names are engraved.

It might be an appropriate card to send to a special customer or to a fellow executive—but to an old friend? Years ago a note was always scrawled inside, but one doesn't write on gold foil. That card is an austere reminder of the ever-widening gulf between us. It gives me a feeling that next year, or the year after, we are to be dropped from their list.

Of course, there are plenty of rather dreadful examples of artistic overstatement in my stack, too: the garish, gaudy Santa Clauses and the religious prints which almost cancel out with their ugliness the sincerity of the message. And there is usually a handful of sad, tasteless "joke" cards.

Apparently a card design can be found for just about every shade of nature lover. I always find the lone deer in the deep woods, the furry rabbit in the snow, the stately arch of trees that forms what we are told is "nature's own cathedral."

One friend waits every year until the gift shop she patronizes gets in the scheduled album of Scotty dogs. It wouldn't be Christmas for her without them. And don't we all know someone who connects Christmas with cats? Before the card is out of the envelope, when just the ears are visible, you know who it is from.

There is also a postgraduate nature-lover school of cards with a way-out-West theme. In these a cowboy drags a fir tree home behind his horse, decorates sagebrush with Christmas ornaments, or shares his saddle with a load of exquisitely gift-wrapped packages. (Who ever wrapped them for him, I'd like to know?) And have you ever received that Old Gray Mare of all Western cards, in which the cowboy holds a skillet over his campfire and the rising smoke spells out "Merry Christmas"?

Perhaps it is because we are still a very young nation that things have a way of becoming "traditional" with Americans in a short time. We have come to regard the custom of exchanging annual greetings (which is actually little more than a century old) as an ancient practice—almost as though the early Christians had mailed cards to each other, or had scrawled on catacomb walls a cheery "Merry Christmas to All!"

Therefore, it sometimes comes as a shock to Americans who go abroad or who have friends in foreign lands to find that Europeans have never observed the custom at all. Italians, Spaniards, and Latin Americans regard it as a Yankee custom. If they do send cards it is only as a concession to our quaint folkways. (The French have the practice of sending a simple calling card, timed to reach their friends just before New Year's day. In longhand the sender lacon-

12

ically wishes the recipient bonheur, or good fortune in the new year.)

The custom of sending printed greetings at Christmas is as strictly Victorian English as Mr. Dickens, the bonneted heroines of the Brontë sisters' novels, and the romance between Robert Browning and the fragile Miss Barrett of Wimpole St. Victorians were forever dashing off notes in violet ink and sending a servant round with them to the neighbor's house (or the Beloved's). It was all in the plush-and-damask tradition of paying calls on stated days, of saving every trivial note, and pressing each wood violet and rose between the leaves of the massive parlor edition of Pilgrim's Progress. (In well-to-do American homes it might be a volume of the Memoirs of General Grant.)

The hero (or the villain, if you prefer) who put the imposing machinery of Christmas cards into motion, was a 16-year-old printer's apprentice, William Maw Egley, Jr., who worked in a London shop. Just before Christmas in 1842, the youthful line engraver hit upon the idea of sending engraved cards to his friends.

He designed and printed a series of panels, depicting a children's party, a Punch and Judy show, a poor family receiving baskets of food, a Yuletide banquet, skaters gliding around a glassy pond, and a band of muffled street musicians serenading in the snow.

As though it were not enough to

have created practically every "traditional" card design in a single stroke, young Egley inscribed over the whole the legend which has since become the most hackneyed phrase in the long history of man's communication with man: "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to You!"

The novel idea caught on, and was developed in artistic forms that, for a time, were as unyielding as a pudding mold. By a happy accident, Dickens' A Christmas Carol appeared on London bookstands in 1843, just a year after Egley turned out his first cards. Now were crystalized forever in the public mind such Yuletide archetypes of piety and parsimoniousness as Tiny Tim and Ebenezer Scrooge.

In Victorian society it would have been unthinkable to send a comic Christmas card. Religion was acknowledged with an artistic nod toward a church with hoop-skirted and top-hatted worshipers streaming in. The charitable spirit of the season was captured in cards portraying young misses bearing gifts to the "deserving" poor. (Remember Little Women?)

America imbibed all the traditional English ideas, most of which were first set down by the remarkable Mr. Egley. We also evolved our own distinctly American symbols: the farmhouse, the skaters in Central park, and Santa Claus. Although most of us are two or three generations removed from the land, Grandma Moses' bright glimpses of a by-

gone age still lead the field with many American card buyers.

Religious cards have enjoyed a great upsurge over the last ten years. Among cards I receive, they now outnumber all the other kinds two to one. Classics among the religious cards are mainly reproductions of the Renaissance masters' portrayals of the Nativity, the journey of the Magi, the shepherds hurrying to the stable, or the angels filling the starry sky with *Alleluias*. Increasingly, fine original religious card designs are being turned out by modern artists.

Since Christmas is Christ's birth-

day, it should be more "traditional" to send a religious card than one of the other types, especially since so many forces in the modern world tend to obliterate all Christian meaning from the holy season. Some of the cards I receive indicate that many of my acquaintances still think Christmas is a sort of winter carnival in which Santa is king.

During that January session at my desk, I always am tempted to save all the cards I have received, the ugly as well as the beautiful. Think what a historical treasure they would be for someone 100 years from now!

# In Our Parish

In our parish we live close to the rectory, and our three-year-old Kathy makes frequent visits to the monsignor and his assistant. Not long ago, the assistant was transfered and a new young priest came to take his place. We wondered how this decision of the bishop's would rest with Kathy, but we said nothing to her about it.

Came a day when she went over for her usual call. She came back in just a few minutes in a state of high excitement. "Mother!" she shouted, "There's a strange man over there and he's got on Father's clothes!"

Mrs. Wayne Crawford.

In our parish recently, our fall festival was being held. The pastor was going around the tables, shaking hands and seeing whether the diners were enjoying their meals.

He stopped to speak to one of the school children, addressing him by his first name. "Why, Father!" exclaimed the youngster delightedly. "You know who I am."

"And why shouldn't I?" retorted the priest. "Didn't I marry your father, right in this very church?"

"Oh, no! You couldn't have," replied the youngster. "My mother did."

Mrs. B. J. Furfaro.

[You are invited to submit similar stories of parish life, for which \$20 will be paid on publication. Manuscripts submitted to this department cannot be acknowledged or returned.—Ed.]



Photographs by Richard Harrington

Father Pierre Andrew Steinmann is a missioner with a mission but no parishioners—as yet.

He labors in Povagnetok in the province of Quebec, high up on the east coast of Hudson bay. Povagnetok, a desolate part of the Canadian Arctic, had never known a Catholic priest until Father Steinmann's arrival. The priest, a member of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate, was born in France, but he has lived more than 30 years in the Arctic, speaks English, French, and Eskimo dialects fluently. He even dreams in Eskimo.

Mary, Queen of Hearts mission is a rangy old wooden building which the missioner has covered with imitation brick insulating paper. It

Povagnetok small fry enjoy missioner's circus stories.



To keep the heat in, reduce cold, porches made of ice blocks are placed in front of mission doors.

houses living quarters for himself and an assistant, a chapel, and a wing that he has dubbed the Eskimo room. The room serves as a community center for the villagers, and enjoys a steady patronage.

Winning converts among the Eskimos is a slow process, but Father Steinmann knows the value of example and friendship. Stones are plentiful in Povagnetok, but no one thought of using them until Father Steinmann showed the natives how to build stone houses. He has helped establish a market abroad for native woodcraft, formed a sculptors' so-

ciety, and set up what is an invaluable record of the legends of the northland area.

Under parka, priest wears a crocheted wool toque.



## Children, His Friends

Father Steinmann's biggest conquest to date has been the children of Povagnetok. Daily in the Eskimo room he helps them with school lessons, conducts singing classes for them. Eskimo children love singing, whether or not they understand the words. The missioner was a circus clown before his ordination, and he often does acrobatic tricks.





Father Steinmann offers Mass at mission chapel. A visiting Winnipeg artist did the paintings behind the altar.

Like other missioners to the Arctic, Father Steinmann makes winter journeys by dog team, has a special affection for his team-leading husky.



At meeting of sculptors' group he founded, Father Steinmann records description and estimated value of carvings.



Whatever the temperature, Povagnetok children play out-of-doors. Department of Northern Affairs sends them a teacher.

# The Over-40 Myth

Age barriers to jobs are illogical, unjust, and economically unsound

W HEN DOES AN American worker become too old to get a new job or win a promotion? The answer is: at a startlingly early age—40, or sometimes even younger.

Some 28 million members of today's labor force are 45 or older. Of these, more than a million are seek-

ing jobs.

Each day I get a letter or two like the recent one from a man I shall call James Haddon. He is 46. For 15 years he worked as a sales engineer, reaching a salary level of \$18,000 to \$20,000 a year. He lost his job several months ago when his company, as the result of a merger, moved to a new location.

He didn't worry at first. He was able, experienced, highly recommended by his former employer. Then his applications got answers.

"We wish you had come to us 14 years ago, but—" (The job, with an oil firm, went to a younger man.)

"We are looking for a man in your specialty and appreciate the value



of your experience, but—" (That was from an automobile firm.)

"Our company does not hire anyone over 40." (A salesman's job.)

As the replies mounted up, James Haddon began to worry deeply. He sent me a clipping from the New York *Times* that contained recent manpower projections made by the Department of Labor. The projections indicated that the nation cannot afford continued age discrimination in employment.

\*229 W. 43rd St., New York City 36. June 19, 1960. © 1960 by the New York Times Co., and reprinted with permission.

"All right. What is a man to do?" Haddon asked.

Haddon and others like him are victims of a senseless dual image. When employed, they are respected and valued members of the office force, production line, executive staff, or sales team. When seeking work, they suddenly become too old to hire.

Even if hired, such workers are sometimes placed in jobs that do not take full advantage of their experience. This sidetracking of valuable abilities because of preconceived notions about age and work endangers our full economic growth.

The projections that Haddon referred to make sober reading for every businessman, union leader, and family head in America. We anticipate that by 1970 the American economy will be turning out \$750 billion of goods and services, 50% more than today. Even with a rising population, this would result in a 25% increase in our standard of living.

The number of workers needed to man an economy of that extent is estimated at 87 million, 13.5 million more than are in the labor force today. Population increases assure us of at least that number, but that is a deceptive kind of assurance. When we look carefully at the expected increases of workers in different age groups, we begin to realize that the traditional composition of the labor force, men and women, will be sharply altered in the coming decade.

Workers under 25 years of age will increase 6.4 million by 1970.

Those over 45 will increase by 5.5 million.

Among workers 25 to 34 there will be a relatively small increase of 1.8 million, while there will be an actual decline in the number of workers 35 to 44.

These facts are all the handwriting on the wall a company president should need to recognize the chief sources of his labor supply in coming years. They will be the young, inexperienced workers just out of school and the experienced older workers he may now be turning away or misusing. Employers who persist in discriminatory policies are going to find themselves squeezed out as the contest for manpower increases.

One prevailing myth is that older workers produce less, that they cannot keep up the pace of their "prime" years. It is said, too, that older workers are absent a great deal more than younger colleagues, more prone to serious illnesses and accidents.

Another charge is that older persons are set in their ways, unable to adjust to our rapidly changing economy. It is argued that an older employee is going to "do things his way," failing to take full advantage of efficient modern techniques.

Perhaps the most persuasive of the arguments against hiring older applicants is that costs to the employer go up sharply when an older person is enrolled in a pension plan. Rather

than pay the higher premiums, the employer will set an arbitrary age

limit on new applicants.

The Department of Labor has taken all of the objections to hiring older persons seriously. We began

in 1955 to explore them.

We can now prove that there is very little difference between productivity of younger and older workers. A Department of Labor analysis of the job performance of production workers in 26 plants disclosed that the difference in output between the *individuals* of a selected age group were larger than the differences between age groups themselves.

Another recent study, made of office workers in five government agencies and 21 companies in private industry, produced results similar to those of the factory studies. "Relatively little variation in average performance among age groups, but considerable variation among indi-

viduals within age groups."

Significantly, a large proportion of the older workers exceeded the performance of the younger "basegroup" average. Even more significant was the fact that the older workers were shown to be more consistent, especially between the ages of 55 and 64, than the younger ones. The generalization that younger workers perform better than older ones is hokum.

So is the claim that older workers are absent more. The reverse is true. The older man is likely to be a family man, a homeowner with community responsibilities that make his presence on the job important to him. He is more settled than his younger colleague. He has, more often than not, put his roots down and is seeking permanent employment and steady work.

The statement that older workers are less flexible is also untrue. It is, no doubt, based on evidence that young persons learn faster than older ones; but in this context "older" learners may be every bit of 20! Psychologists have concluded that in the working world a mature individual learns differently from but as well as a younger one. He has from experience the ability to select, value, conserve. He also has a background that enables him to grasp principles.

A sampling of 160,000 job seekers showed that the 40-plus worker possesses far better occupational qualifications than the junior. Twice as many were classified as skilled work-

ers.

The question then arises: aren't many skills going out of date?

The popular conception of the new missile-age industries as a young-people-only world is based on the assumption that, since these fields of work have expanded only in the last few years, skills acquired previously are obsolete. The fact of the matter is that skills are interrelated; a man who can do one job well finds it easier to adapt his skill to a new set of challenges and circumstances. The growing electronics industry of New England, for example,

is using the skills of a stable work force previously employed in other industries.

Thus, an individual older worker is probably every bit as flexible as an individual younger one. He may even have a head start.

The most difficult argument to answer against hiring older workers concerns the added cost to the employers of carrying an older employee on his welfare-plan rolls. It is true that, in some cases, the immediate cost to an employer is greater if an older applicant is added to his pension plan rather than a younger one.

But the ultimate cost will not be substantially greater under pension plans covering most workers today. These are plans which relate benefits to length of service or to levels of current or future earnings, or both. Since the older worker entering the plan will have a shorter period of service before retirement, the benefits and the cost will generally be proportionately smaller.

That fact may itself be an obstacle. Many company presidents may feel that the payment of a small pension, or none at all, is the worst kind of public relations. Today, with improved federal old-age benefits toward which the employer contributes at the same rate for every employee, the feeling loses some of its validity. Moreover, when the experience, dependability, steady attendance, and lower turnover of older workers are taken into account, it becomes ap-

parent that increases in costs are often offset.

Related to the fear of pension-plan difficulties is the opinion that older workers are more prone to accidents. Here again, cost is the central concern. But workmen's compensation rates are based on a particular company's accident experience and the relative danger of the work performed. Age has no bearing on such rates. This is proper, since our studies have shown that the older worker is no more prone to accidents than the younger one.

Employers, union leaders, community leaders, civic groups, trade associations (and every interested citizen) can contribute toward opening the way to full opportunity for our older men and women. If that is done, then the recent experience of a firm just outside Washington, D. C., may be repeated everywhere.

The advertisement read: "Over 50—three men wanted now." More than ten applicants showed up the following morning. The company had originally intended to hire three experienced men to help estimate contract work, but so impressive were the job backgrounds of many of those interviewed that it hired six: three for estimating, three more for production. The manager said to the local employment-office representative: "If we win these contracts, I'm going to run that ad again."

He is sold, as I hope all America will be sold, on my way of looking at the older worker: ability is ageless.

## What a Woman Should Know About Her Car

Not every squeak indicates oncoming catastrophe; some troubles are fixed with a hammer tap

Tou'RE A LADY, driving down the road at a good clip, but within the speed limit, of course. Your car breaks into a wild shimmy. What to do? You hold the steering wheel firmly and head for the nearest service station, that's what. You also change to another speed, preferably slower.

Cars, like people, sometimes scream loudest when suffering only a minor twinge. In the case of a frontwheel shimmy at high speed, the cause can be as simple as unequally inflated tires, and the cost as little as replacing a leaking tire valve.

A squeal under the hood may or may not be cause for action. Suppose you hear it only when the car with power steering is being parked. The noise is due to release of excessive oil pressure in the system. It's nothing to worry about; you can often check it by idling the engine when the front wheels have been turned to their extreme positions.

But if there is squealing without

steering, that's different. This time the noise may be due to glazing of one of the belts that drive the fan, generator, or power-steering pump,



and can be overlooked, if heard only when starting the engine cold. But if the noise is persistent, a belt is slipping. That could cause overheating, a run-down battery, or loss of steering assistance.

On a recent trip a friend of mine was startled when the engine began making a loud clattering which even the bongo drummer on the car's ra-\*80 King St., W., Toronto 1, Ont., Canada. @ 1960 by the Toronto Star, and reprinted with

permission. July 2, 1960.

dio could not outbeat. She stopped, and lifted the hood. A passing motorist suggested checking the oil level. "It's way down," he explained. "So oil pressure drops. Your engine has hydraulic valve lifters which will make a racket unless pressure is normal."

Don't be too quick to blame the car if it seems to be acting up. The reason so many women have trouble re-starting after a stop at the neighborhood market is not because there is anything wrong with the car, but because they forget to press all the way down on the accelerator pedal before turning on the modern combination ignition-starter switch. Pumping the pedal simply enriches the gasoline mixture and makes matters worse. Push the pedal down slowly, and hold it down. With the throttle open, the engine will clear itself.

Few drivers know that in cold weather it takes at least ten miles of running before an automatic transmission is warm enough to work normally; so, if shifting is a bit on the rough side at first it is nothing that calls for a trip to the garage.

But, if the engine doesn't seem to have normal power during this warm-up period, and your mechanic assures you that the automatic choke is on the job, ask him to check that widely neglected gadget, the manifold heat-control valve, which may be stuck so that it doesn't pre-heat the gas-air mixture.

Stalling is a problem that panics

many drivers. Inside the carburetor is a float bowl which must be kept supplied with gasoline at a critical level. Unless the float's needle valve shuts off when the bowl is filled to the proper level the carburetor will flood. A speck of dirt will cause it. When this happens, try tapping the carburetor lightly with a hammer near the point where gasoline is pumped in. It's an old trick that mechanics use.

Sometimes the engine will stall because the fuel pump is too energetic. Rather than reduce pump pressure, however, it is smarter to install one of the newer pressure regulators. These also serve as filters. An extra dividend is improved gasoline mileage.

On a recent trip a widow had to make a panic stop to avoid an accident. This disturbed the carburetor's float and needle valve, and brought on a stall. It reminded her how often a stall can result from rough handling of the car.

We get into an assortment of unnecessary car troubles by doing the wrong things in the belief that we are being kind and considerate. Thus, we find ourselves adding oil to the engine as soon as the level drops below the full mark. Car makers advise not to add oil until the level is down to the "Add Oil" mark. That's their way of warning against overfilling. Too much oil may foam. Air bubbles make poor lubrication and will very likely cause hydraulic valve lifters to click.

I don't blame a neat housekeeper for complaining because the garage floor showed evidence of a little leakage from the automatic transmission, but that was no excuse for encouraging the man at the filling station to keep filling up this important unit. He overfilled the transmission; the oil foamed; then it spewed back through the filler pipe. Then the transmission would really need oil and start slipping.

Most automatics today are watercooled through a special cooler built into the bottom of the engine's radiator. That means you must be more careful about the cooling system. It can, and often does, handicap the transmission. This can easily spoil your best efforts to boost gasoline and

Women usually do not get as good oil mileage as men drivers do because they are inclined to lift their foot suddenly from the accelerator pedal. The abrupt closing of the throttle causes oil to be sucked up past the piston rings into the cylinders.

oil mileage.

But, for the same reason, women drivers sometimes get better gasoline mileage. No jack-rabbit starts, of course, but for economy the trick is to reach high gear without delay. This goes for automatic transmissions especially, because you may be running in a lower gear without realizing it.

Need for wheel alignment checking can be detected by abnormal wear on front tires, usually the one on the right. Also front wheels may not return to the straight-ahead position easily after a turn and probably will have a tendency to wander.

Some of the tire-pressure gauges at filling stations are the worse for wear, so it is smart to carry a good one of your own and ask the attendant to use it when checking. New tubeless tires should be checked every few days until you're sure there is no air leak at the rims.

Wheels and tires need re-balancing after a year's steady use, or if an unbalanced tire is put on, especially in front. If a shimmy develops, be detective enough to note if this happens at low speeds or high (above 30 miles an hour). Unbalanced wheels and tires will cause shimmy only during higher speeds. At any car speed, however, the auto hula dance can be due to weak springs, ailing shock absorbers, underinflated tires, need for front-end alignment, or merely looseness in the steering system.

Perhaps you have discovered that speed changes are most effective in meeting oddities in car behavior. The car definitely will run more smoothly at some speeds than at others, and more economically. Sometimes the temperature gauge on the dash will be a good clue. If its pointer rises slowly toward the danger point you may be driving too fast, the radiator not allowing water to flow through it fast enough. Or the lower radiator hose may be sucking inward, thus retarding circulation of

water to the engine. The fan belt may have come off or a bad water leak may have developed. At any rate, a sudden rise in temperature calls for an immediate stop to investigate the situation.

Loss of braking zip when you are going downhill means that the drums are heating, and expanding away from their shoes. Shift to a lower gear and apply the brakes intermittently.

You can avoid fade by not using the brakes steadily. Apply them more firmly, but for shorter periods. In slippery driving, pump the brake pedal gently to prevent the wheels from locking and then sliding. When a friend of mine noticed a definite loss of braking power on a hot day she found that someone had put inferior brake fluid into the master cylinder. Now she uses heavy-duty fluid. You can smell leaking fluid.

If you hear a humming noise, drive over different kinds of roads. The noise will vary for different paving if it is due to the tires, whereas there will be no difference if the trouble is with the car's rear-end gears.

If you have a new car, be careful not to handicap it with too many ideas held over from previous experiences. Keep the manufacturer's manual for owners handy.

## ( Second

#### THE PERFECT ASSIST

Christmas day is a sad day, indeed, for many patients in veterans' hospitals. Nobody knows that better than my sister, a recreation worker for the American Red Cross. She has spent most of her time among bedridden patients, trying to help the men spend their time constructively and happily. Christmas is always a formidable challenge for anybody in her job.

One year she was working in an unusually gloomy ward. Despite all her efforts to cheer the boys with individual Christmas trees and funny gifts and a lively quartet, the patients remained downcast. The hospital just wasn't home, and that was that.

My sister had an inspiration. She stood up in the middle of the ward and cried, "Oh, boys, I'm so homesick I don't know what to do. I can't keep it up any longer; I'll have to stop pretending. I just feel awful!"

The boys immediately rallied. "Aw, come on, Miss Mac, it ain't that bad!" "Strike up some music, boys; we gotta take care of Miss Mac." "Have some fudge—it'll take up the slack."

Everyone came to her aid. They all quickly forgot their own troubles in the effort to show her a merry Christmas.

Katharine M. Rock.

[For original reports of strikingly gracious or tactful remarks or actions, we will pay \$50 on publication. In specific cases where we can obtain permission from the publisher to reprint, we will also pay \$50 to readers who submit acceptable anecdotes of this type quoted verbatim from books or magazines. Exact source must be given. Manuscripts cannot be returned.]

## A Mountain of Monks

The way of life of the 4thcentury Fathers of the desert has been preserved in the Greek Orthodox monasteries on the Mt. Athos peninsula

Por More Than 1,000 years Mt. Athos has been one of the greatest monastic centers in Christendom. The 35-mile peninsula near Thessalonica, in northern Greece, is a whole nation of monks and monasteries. The peninsula is absolutely forbidden to women.

The mountain itself stands at the south end of the peninsula, and rises to a height of 5,000 feet. Wolves and wild boars still roam there. The mountain is crisscrossed by mule tracks. Automobiles, trucks, and tractors do not exist on Athos; there are no motor roads. Some of the monasteries have telephones. One has electric lights. Some of the Communities make their living by selling timber. Others survive by the production of wine or olive oil. All are poor and even the best does not measure up to minimum standards of comfort for Western Europeans, much less for Americans.

Athos is the last important Chris-



St. Paul's Monastery

tian survival of the typical monastic colonies which flourished in the 4th and 5th centuries when monasticism began in the Church. In those days men did not enter this or that Religious Order (there were no Orders). They fled to a "desert" or to a mountain area in the wilderness where monks gathered in twos or threes, or in small colonies of ten, 20, or 50, or even in large groups of several hundred. Others lived alone as hermits and recluses.

There the monastic way was followed not according to a fixed legislative code, but according to traditional customs. So, too, at Athos,

\*© 1953, 1959, 1960 by the Abbey of Our Lady of Gethsemani. Reprinted with permission of Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, 101 5th Ave., New York City 3. 297 pp. \$3.95.

even today. The different monasteries are not representatives of various Orders in the Orthodox Church. There are still no formal Orders, in our sense, in the Greek Church, only various kinds of monks.

At Athos there are two main groups. One lives a systematic Community life resembling that of Cistercians or Benedictines. Yet they do not "follow the Rule of St. Basil" or any other rule.

The monks sometimes chant in choir 16 or 18 hours at a stretch on the greater feasts, and their fasts are many and arduous. They work hard to earn a meager living. Wars, revolutions, and the Iron Curtain have cut off their supply of vocations as well as their revenues. These are the cenobitic monks. Life in their monasteries is austere. But it is even more so out in the cells and hermitages on the rugged mountainside. There men live in conditions like those of the poorest of the poor in the Balkan countries.

These latter are the idiorrhythmic monks. They retain ownership of what property they have, and live on the income from their labor. The monastery furnishes them with shelter and work in a rudimentary organization which is controlled not by an abbot but by an elected committee. The monks chant the Office together in choir, but work and live on their own, in or out of the monastery, cooking their own meals, which can include meat on certain days. The monastic shops in Karyes,

the capital city of the peninsula, are run by idiorrhythmic monks.

It is a loose kind of life, not necessarily decadent, though it dates from a period of relaxation in the history of Athos, in the days when it was ruled by the Turks. Monasteries can choose to be either idiorrhythmic or cenobitic, and some have passed back and forth from one to the other several times.

There are 20 large autonomous monasteries on Athos. The oldest of these is Lavra, founded by St. Athanasius of Athos in 963. The idiorrhythmic monastery of Vatopedi, one of the largest and least primitive, is the one that has electric light and a few water closets which may or may not work. It is also the only one that has adopted the Gregorian calendar. Vatopedi celebrates the feasts of the liturgical year with the Western Church, 13 days ahead of the other monasteries on Athos.

Only at Vatopedi does 12 o'clock mean noon. Other monasteries, following the Turkish practice, put 12 at sunset. Iviron, different from all the rest, puts 12 at sunrise, as it used to be in Persia. The atmosphere of independence on Athos is something quite unusual in this world of ours where no one dreams of disregarding the clocks of his time belt, no matter how nonconformist he may be in other respects.

The Holy Mountain is dotted with *kalybes* (cottages) where two or three monks live and work together. There are also caves and cells for hermits, some of whom still live in the same seclusion and austerity as the primitive monks of the desert once did.

Not everyone can become a hermit: this depends on the permission of monastic superiors. They jealously guard the privilege and grant it only to those who have proved their spiritual strength and purity of heart and are ready to be "kissed by God."

At the same time we must not take too romantic a view of the solitaries on Athos. They lead a life that is, from our Western viewpoint, utterly squalid, filthy, and miserable. Yet they seem to get along well enough at it, and they are, for the most part, deeply spiritual men. (In fact, it is quite possible that they are more spiritual than the monks of our more hygienic and up-to-date monasteries with their spotless dairy cows and well-washed pigs.) The hermits on Athos are, generally, men of peasant extraction who are physically prepared to live a life exposed to heat, cold, vermin, and near starvation.

The population of Athos has had its ups and downs since the 10th century. Perhaps the highest number was reached in the 16th century, when, it is estimated, from 15,000 to 20,000 monks and hermits lived on the Holy Mountain. This was when the monastic republic enjoyed its greatest material prosperity, in spite of the fact that the Turkish government imposed a levy on the monks, in return for leaving them in peace. There was a sharp decline after the

Greek revolution in 1821. Many monks joined the rebel army and fought for Greece, leaving the mon-

asteries half empty.

The 19th century saw the great tide of Russian vocations to Athos, astutely promoted by the czars who took over a ruined, abandoned Greek monastery (St. Panteleimon) and built it up into a powerful community of 1,500 Russian cenobites. The Russiko, as this cenobium is called. became a kind of political nightmare for all the rest of Athos. The Greeks fought with all their power to prevent the populous and wealthy Russian dependent monasteries, like that of St. Andrew, from becoming independent and thus gaining a seat in the synod. They already suspected that half the monks of the Russiko were czarist soldiers in disguise, and were afraid that the Russians might gain control of the synod at Karyes, which governs the peninsula.

In 1912, the population of Athos was about 7,000, of whom over half were Russians. By 1930 this number had been cut almost in half. The biggest decline was among the Russians, who had received no vocations since the Bolshevist revolution. One by one the aging Russian monks fell back upon the larger monasteries, which even with these reinforcements remained half empty and be-

gan to go to ruin.

Vocations from other Iron Curtain countries have also rapidly declined. The population of the Holy Mountain was 4,600 in 1930, and must be

little more than half that number today.

The outlook for the future of Athos is not reassuring: the Russian ambassador in Athens has taken a discreet, disquieting interest in the Russiko. (The remaining monks are all loyal to the memory of the czars, whose portraits are everywhere at St. Panteleimon.) It is known that monasticism is tolerated today within the ussa for reasons of political expediency. Perhaps the Kremlin might suddenly one day try to take over the Russiko for its own monastic purposes-and revive the nightmare that kept Athos uneasy all through the 19th century.

It would be a great mistake to underestimate the monasticism of Mt. Athos. Here, as everywhere, human frailty has made itself evident from age to age. And yet Athos remains, for all its deficiencies, one of the most authentic and integral examples of Christian monasticism. After a thousand years it is still quite close to the original pattern of monastic life that was first developed in the deserts of Egypt and Syria. It is above all the fullness and variety of Athos that impress us. Like everything else in the West, our monasticism has been subject to fragmentation-it has been atomized. We have broken up into different Orders, none of which retains the

many-sided completeness of the monastic ideal.

At Athos the monk is never shut up within the limits of a rigidly confined outlook. There are always possibilities for unexpected growth; one can always aspire to new-or old directions. However, these new directions are always purely contemplative. The monks of Athos have never engaged in any kind of active apostolate, and never even seem to have considered it necessary. Their apostolate of prayer and example has been unexcelled. For centuries the ambition of every devout Orthodox Christian man was to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Mountain-a goal second to Jerusalem alone.

What if someday there were to be an Athos for the Western Church? Some island, some mountain jutting out into the sea, a "nation" of contemplatives with room for Benedictines and Carthusians and Cistercians and Camaldolese, for cenobites and hermits, for small and large groups with diversified observances, with free access to one another, with reasonable opportunities for mutual stimulation, transit and exchange. Is this a heresy? Is this a dream? Have we reached the point where all dreams are regarded as dangerous and forbidden? When life has no more risk in it and no more dreams, it is no longer life.

The best way to improve the taste of salt is to sprinkle it over a juicy piece of steak.

Lucille J. Goodyear.

# Men From Other Planets?

God might have created billions of human races, each unique

At this very moment, somewhere in space, a billion miles from here, another human being may be wondering whether or not human life exists on any of the other heavenly bodies.

A little over 400 years ago most men were convinced that the earth was the center of the universe. The stars were considered fixed heavenly bodies embedded in a dome which surrounded the earth and rotated once a day. Between this dome and the earth, the sun, moon, and planets turned about the earth in independent orbits. A Greek astronomer, Claudius Ptolemy, put forth this theory in the 2nd century. It held sway for 14 centuries.

Early in the 16th century, a Polish astronomer, Nicholas Copernicus, hesitantly proposed a new theory: that the sun rather than the earth was the center of our planetary system.

What would Copernicus and his contemporaries think of the universe one hundred thousand million bil\*329 W. 108th St., New York City 25. Aug. 13, 1960. © 1960 by the America Press, and



as it is described for us by today's astronomers? Without doubt they would stand aghast at the marvels revealed through the eye of the 200-inch telescope on Mount Palomar.

Our earth, one of the smaller of the nine known planets circling the sun, has only one three-hundred-thousandth the mass of the sun, and is about 90 million miles distant from it. The sun, in turn, is one of the smaller stars in the midst of a 100-billion-starred galaxy called the Milky Way. Some of the stars of this galaxy are as much as 54,000 light years from the earth. A light year is the distance traveled by light in the course of a year: about 6 million million miles.

Our galaxy, the Milky Way, is all but lost amid a billion or more such galaxies in the known universe. Harvard astronomer Harlow Shapley estimates that there are at least one hundred thousand million billion stars (100 followed by 18 zeros) in the universe as it can be searched by today's telescopes. He estimates that about 10% of these stars resemble our own sun in size, luminosity, and chemistry.

What of other possible universes? There is no reason to limit God's creative activity to one universe. Infinite, all-powerful, all-good, God could create a new universe every second, each one more perfect than

the preceding.

Do any of the countless stars have one or more planets comparable to our earth? Until recently it was thought, as astrophysicist Otto Struve says, that "our solar system was the one happy accident" in the sense that it alone had planets. However, some scientists now suggest that there may be billions of planets within our Milky Way galaxy, not to mention the billions of other galaxies or other possible universes.

As far as science can determine today, there may be anywhere from 100 million to 100 billion planets in the known universe suited to human habitation. Of course, we have no evidence of any human life except that on earth; but the possibility exists. Perhaps it is not too much to say that the *probability* exists.

Let us suppose that human life does exist outside our own planet. Perhaps another race of men exists; perhaps billions of such races exist. What are they like? Are they related in any way to us? How has God treated them? Have they been elevated to divine sonship? Have they been redeemed if they fell from a supernatural state? If so, in what way?

Would rational creatures inhabiting a planet billions of miles from our own have to resemble us? Yes and no. To qualify as human beings they would have to be composites of spirit and matter; but in their bodily formation they could be as different from us as an elephant is from a

gnat.

Even though we may marvel at the design of the human body, we dare not think that God can be limited to any one pattern in forming a human species. Just as He could go on creating one universe after the other, each different from the other, so He could create billions of human races, each unique. There might be a race of human beings who fly rather than walk; a race who communicate mind to mind, without speech, by extrasensory perception; a race who need to eat only once a year and sleep only once every five years.

Since we have presupposed that the imaginary race is human, its members would be composed of soul and body. In view of what we know of God and the soul's immortality, it would follow that they were created for two purposes: to give glory to God and to live forever in some kind of happiness. But that doesn't settle the matter. Theologians hold that it would have been possible for God to create mankind in one of four different conditions. These same pos-

sibilities would hold for other races as well.

First, God could create a human race in a state of *pure nature*. This means that such beings would enjoy all those qualities which are proper to a rational animal as such, but would have no additional gifts. They would have all the intrinsic weaknesses of human nature and none of the aids proper to us who have been elevated to a supernatural order and given supernatural assistance in abundance.

Their happiness in eternity, if they remained faithful to God, would consist in a natural possession of God: that knowledge of God which unbaptized infants enjoy after death. They would never have been favored with divine revelation. Their guide in attaining their destiny would be only the natural law of God as proclaimed in creation. They would have no such supernatural helps as Mass, sacraments, or the Church.

Added to these deficiencies would be the woes that flesh is heir to. Knowledge would be achieved only piecemeal and at the expense of great effort. The powers of the soul would be in continual conflict with the desires and needs of the body. The creatures would be subject to sickness and accident as well as old age. Finally, their period of probation would be ended with the separation of soul from body: the dissolution we call death.

The 2nd condition in which God

could create a human race is that of integral nature. Creatures in this condition would share with those in the state of pure nature a common natural destiny and natural means to achieve it. However, they would be raised above the first class in the enjoyment of several preternatural gifts. Such gifts are not due to human nature but are common to angelic nature.

For example, they might enjoy infused knowledge. They would be born with extensive knowledge, and would find the acquisition of further knowledge easy and enjoyable. They might be preserved free from sickness, accident, and old age. They might be blessed with harmony in the working of their bodily and spiritual faculties. They might be spared

the dissolution of death.

A race such as this, endowed with infused knowledge, would probably be far ahead of us in the understanding of physical laws. Knowledge that our race has acquired only by centuries of trial and error, by happy accident or dogged effort, would come to those people effortlessly.

The supernatural state is the 3rd possible condition in which God might create a race of rational, material beings. The creatures would be elevated, either at the moment of creation or shortly thereafter, to a condition surpassing all the natural needs and powers of any other possible creatures. The Creator would freely bestow upon them privileges which partake of the divine.

Those so favored by God would be given a supernatural destiny-seeing, knowing, and loving God as He sees, knows, and loves Himselfwhich would exceed immeasurably in grandeur the natural end of any rational being. To fulfill this exalted destiny, they would have a supernatural life (sanctifying grace). They would be the beneficiaries of special divine revelations concerning their destiny, and would receive supernatural help in their daily lives. The supernatural gifts could be lost by infidelity.

If God so wished, He could limit his gifts to those of the supernatural order. Members of a race so endowed would still be subject to the ills common to natural man: ignorance, sickness, accident, old age, struggle between the spirit and the flesh, and death. But if God were to grant to some race a combination of the benefits of the state of integral nature and those of the state of supernature, we then would have the 4th possible condition: the state of innocence.

That is precisely the state in which Adam and Eve lived before their fall. Had they remained faithful to God, our first parents would have enjoyed a carefree life. There would have been no disease, concupiscence, ignorance, or death; after a period of probation they would have passed painlessly into everlasting happiness. Moreover, they would have handed on to their descendants the same gifts which they themselves possessed.

If other races exist, it is not impossible that one or more of them are in this 4th state. If so, they no doubt have civilizations which far outstrip our own; for they are not encumbered with the drawbacks that beset mankind. Illiteracy, crime, juvenile delinquency, hospitals, and asylums would be unknown to them.

But suppose that, instead of passing their test and remaining faithful to God, a race of men in either the state of supernature or in the state of innocence rejected God by serious sin, as Adam and Eve did. Then what would be their condition? Here again there are various possi-

bilities.

God could have left them in their fallen state, forever unable to attain their supernatural end. This, however, seems improbable when we take into consideration the infinite mercy of God as manifested in his dealings with our own race. If, on the other hand, God decided to redeem them, He might have done so in any of a variety of ways.

It would have been within his power simply to forgive the transgression and re-elevate the race to its previous dignity. Or again, He might have demanded merely a partial satisfaction for the offense. This might have been accomplished by one or more representatives of the race. However, if He were to demand a satisfaction appropriate to the offense, it would have been necessary for God Himself to become man and atone for the sin of the race.

Would the redemption of another race by a God-Man necessarily have to be carried out exactly as ours was? By no means. Here again, everything would depend upon the will of God. Any free act of a God-Man—a sigh, a tear, a breath—would, as an act of infinite worth, be more than sufficient to atone for all the sins of any possible race. It would not be necessary for Him to undergo the suffering and death by crucifixion that Christ endured for us.

Another aspect of redemption that would depend entirely upon the will of God would be the number and kind of gifts which God would return to the race. In the case of mankind, He willed to return only the supernatural gift of sanctifying grace, without the preternatural gifts of infused knowledge, freedom from concupiscence, and immortality. Another fallen race He might treat differently, by returning both kinds of gifts.

Science offers arguments for the possibility of the existence of races of human beings on planets far from our earth. Theology goes a step further in informing us of the possible

states in which such a race might be. After adding together the data of science and theology, we end up with a grand total of if's, and's, and but's. But such speculation about races on far-off planets opens to us new vistas of the power, infinity, and majesty of God. It renews our appreciation of the wisdom of the Hebrew poet who wrote: "I look up at those heavens of thine, the work of thy hands, at the moon and the stars, which Thou hast set in their places. What is man that Thou shouldst remember him?"

Will we ever know, short of revelation and on this side of eternity, whether other races exist? Some scientists have set up electronic equipment in a small West Virginia valley in the Allegheny mountains in an attempt to monitor any attempt at communication with us on the part of rational creatures in distant space. We can hope that such an experiment may eventually succeed despite the almost insuperable odds against it. In all probability, however, we will have had our many questions answered in eternity before science learns the answers.



## GROUNDS FOR OPTIMISM

A reporter was interviewing the oldest inhabitant of a New England village. "And may I ask just how old you are?" inquired the newsman.

"I be just 100 this week," the man replied.

"Really! Do you suppose you'll see another 100?" asked the reporter playfully. "Well," the centenarian replied thoughtfully, "I be stronger now than when I started the first 100."

Dr. L. Binder.

## Little Joe Comes to America (III)

The end of my story is really a beginning



I COULDN'T BLAME Chaplain Werr and Marge Binder for being angry with me when they found out I had been lying. Most of my life I had been lying and sometimes stealing just to keep eating and have a place to live.

But now one of my biggest lies had caught up with me. I had told the American army authorities that I was a Japanese boy who had come with the soldiers to Korea just when the 2nd World War was ending. I had said my parents were somewhere in Fukuoka, Japan, and I had persuaded an army colonel to send me

there. But what I really wanted was to get to America where I could have good food and clothes and live like the American soldiers.

I was just a kid from the streets of Seoul. I never knew who my mother and father were, and the only home I ever had was Mama Pak's orphanage. That was before the communists came and started the big war in Korea.

When I got to Japan I was turned over to the American air police. Because I was so little they were nice to me and gave me a job in their service club. That was how I met my boss, Marge Binder, and Chaplain Werr.

They spent months trying to find my parents in Fukuoka, but when they didn't have any luck they knew I must be lying about myself. One day, they wormed the truth out of me.

After I had confessed, they stopped being mad at me and we all went over to the cafeteria and had a coke. I never felt better in my whole life. I felt so good I did not care what was going to happen to me. I just could not lie any more! Now I could go back to Korea with at least a clean heart.

\*© 1960 by Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, Inc., 101 5th Ave., New York City 3, and reprinted with permission. 242 pp. \$3.75.

But the Japanese authorities began to raise a big fuss. They were ready to deport me back to Korea because I had entered Japan without a passport. The Korean government said they didn't have time to fool around about a little boy who had run away to Japan. They had a big war to fight!

"Big deal!" I said to myself. "Now I am not only an orphan, I don't even have a country. Maybe they will

divide me in three ways."

But Father Werr was extra nice to me now, and he persuaded the commanding general to let me stay on at the base. With the pass from the air police, I had no trouble going through the gates or even to downtown Fukuoka, and no worry about being picked up by Japanese police. Marge kept me busy with my job at the service club and the daily "Do's" and "Don'ts." And Father Werr kept me busy learning how to read and write and by taking me different places.

My English was very poor. I spoke mostly in phrases, and I still talked the GI language, with many improper words. Father Werr gave me some books such as a 1st grader in the U.S. would use. I read them over and over. He also gave me 15 words a day to study, and I would write each word about 300 times.

The airmen would see me writing a single word like dog or cat for three pages. One soldier once stood beside me while I wrote each word, and when I came to the end he said, "I

was wondering when you would

stop."

Believe me, I was crazy to learn new words. I wanted to go to the American school on the base as the American kids did. And I did go there sometimes to play and study with the American boys. "When I get to America, I'll go to school every day," I told myself.

Father Werr and Marge spoke many times about helping me get to America, but I didn't see any action. They finally wrote a personal letter to President Truman and received a polite reply saying their request had been turned over the the State department. Later they were told that I must come under the Korean immigration quota, and that our quota was filled for years ahead.

OFTEN WHEN I was alone I talked to myself and to God. I wasn't too certain about God, but I prayed whenever I could. I had heard about god Buddha and knew people who worshiped him, but I never saw any reason why I should. So I had never gone to church when I was in Korea. To tell the truth, I was afraid of God most of the time.

I did not really know anything about sin, or God, until I met the American soldiers. Once a sergeant took me to a Sunday service. No church, just an open space and a jeep. It was a Catholic service, and the bell, book, candles, and priest in his strange costume were all a mystery to me.

When the time came for Communion, the sergeant moved forward. I, too, moved forward and knelt next to the sergeant. When the priest came by I opened my mouth, but he looked directly into my eyes and passed me up. I waited for the second time for him to come around, and he did the same thing. I was embarrassed, and I got up and left the service. The sergeant tried to explain why the priest hadn't given me Communion, but at that time, 1951, I did not understand many English words and I could not follow what he was telling me. But I didn't pull that stunt again.

I asked myself many times, "Exactly what is right and what is wrong?" Sometimes I thought stealing was right, and just because the police would punish me didn't seem to make it wrong. The soldiers told me they lived according to God's law, but God had never told me how to live. The place for me to find out about God was at the church services.

On one Sunday I went to Catholic services and got free rosaries and prayer books. The next Sunday I took my rosaries and prayer books to the Protestant services. Then with the prayer book and hymn book I got from the Protestants, I attended the Jewish service. I remember getting plenty of attention in the front seat with five prayer books in my lap. Several times the person giving the sermon looked down at me with a puzzled face. I flashed him a big

smile to show him I was on the right track.

When I finally realized I had to choose one religion, the decision was difficult. My good friends Father Donald Werr, o.f.m., Marge Binder, Lt. Frank Milleno, and Sgt. Gene Danner did not urge me to join their Catholic faith. The decision was up to me.

The Protestants had the most singing; the Catholics had the most kneeling. After weeks of thinking, I finally decided to go only to the Catholic service. I could not give a good reason except that my voice kept saying, "This is the one."

Later I learned that I was not a member of the Catholic Church until I was baptized. I mentioned my desire to Marge, and she took me to see Father Werr. He began to instruct me, and the more I learned about God and his law, the more confident I became about my future.

Finally on April 18, 1953, Marge became my godmother and Lieutenant Milleno my godfather, and I became a Catholic. All the wrong actions I had done in the past were washed away completely. I even got a new name. From that day on, I would be known as Joseph Anthony—Anthony, after St. Anthony, the patron saint for lost objects. I had been lost for 13 years and was found by the American soldiers and by God who had given me a new Christian life.

I could not understand why I was

not happy. I knew how lucky I was compared with all those children in Korea, searching for shelter or a handful of rice. Compared with them, I had everything. I should have been the happiest boy in the world. But I was not. I was still dreaming of America.

Marge and Father Werr arranged for me to attend the American Dependent school on the base. I was crazy about studying. Many nights I worked until 3 A.M. on my lessons. I was put into the 5th grade.

I got along very well with the American students. "You come to Nebraska, Joe, it's best," I remember one classmate saying. "No, Joe, come to Texas. It's the biggest state in the Union," another said. "Michigan is the best state," a girl boasted. "If you like water, you'll like our state."

Father Werr and Marge finally decided to try to get a special bill through Congress that would let me in. A friend of Father Werr, Chaplain William Powers, mentioned that he had a brother, an attorney in Michigan, who was a friend of Senator Homer Ferguson. Chaplain Powers wrote to his brother asking him to get in touch with Senator Ferguson. And many high officials on the base and even Colonel Robenett back in Korea wrote nice letters about me addressed "To whom it may concern."

One day Father Werr and Marge called me into her office. "I hope we won't confuse you, Joe," Father began. "You see, we have to find a home for you in the U.S. before we can ask for a passport. A little boy cannot live just any place on the streets. So I wrote to Boys Town asking Msgr. Nicholas Wegner to give you a home."

I didn't feel enthusiastic. Boys Town sounded like just another or-

phanage to me. I said so.

"Boys Town isn't an orphanage!" Marge exclaimed. It's a town for boys—more like a boarding school. They have their own mayor, church, school, dining hall, and even a farm. There are no fences to keep you in. It's a great place. You are lucky to have a chance to go there. You know, Joe, you may have no chance to get to the States otherwise."

"Don't worry, Joe, everything will work out all right," Father Werr

encouraged me.

Boys Town being in the U.S. was good enough for me. I began to realize that I should enjoy the good life I was having without worrying too much about getting to America.

I was in school studying arithmetic while the rain was falling outside. Suddenly there was a knock on the door, and when Mrs. Hazen, the teacher, opened it, there stood Father Werr in his blue raincoat. He talked to Mrs. Hazen in the hall a few minutes while the students whispered.

Then Mrs. Hazen held the door for him and he came in. "Students," she said, "I have the most wonderful news for you!" They looked at her happily, expecting another free day. "Father Werr has just heard from the U.S. that Joe gets to go to America!"

All the students crowded around me, patting me and congratulating me. Even two big bullies I had once fought came up to shake my hand! We got into Father Werr's jeep. "Joe," he said, "you have really made it at last. Now all we have to do is buy you a one-way ticket to America!"

The days I spent getting ready to go were the happiest of my life. I was always humming, grinning, or whistling. The school passed me into the 6th grade. I sold my bicycle for \$4 to a Japanese houseboy. I generously gave away my collection of 217 comic books, and took my penny box to the PX to be exchanged for bills.

Father Werr took me to a Japanese tailor and had a suit made for me. And Marge took me through the PX and bought me a suitcase full of other clothes. "Boys Town isn't always as warm as it is here now in Japan," she said as she tried a thick jacket on me. "Think of me when you wear this during winters."

I found that the one-way fare from Japan on Northwest Airlines was \$700. We all gasped when we found that out. I thought I had saved a very large sum, but it didn't come to even \$100. Where in the world were we going to get the money?

Before I knew it, it was only two days before my departure time and

I didn't have anything like \$700. But Chaplain Werr told me not to worry. I thought I would go over to the service club and see some of my good friends. When I got there I saw a big sign hanging in front. Marge and I had put up many signs at different times, like "Merry Christmas" and "Happy Easter." This sign said "Send Little Joe Stateside." They were having a special "Monte Carlo" night just for me. I went in and watched the soldiers playing different games. "You understand, don't you, Joe?" Marge said to me. "These soldiers are helping you to get to America. Now we will have the money for your ticket."

I ran out quickly and dashed to my room. I threw myself on the bed and sobbed. I knew I never could repay these fine soldiers. But I was determined to show my appreciation by studying earnestly when I got to my dreamland, and trying to grow up to be a fine man.

The benefit night didn't raise quite all the money I needed, but Mr. James Hackley, the agent at Northwest Airlines, agreed to allow me to go for half fare. We spent a whole day in Tokyo sightseeing and visiting the Emperor's palace. That evening at Haneda airport I said farewell to my dear Father Werr.

"So long, sport," he said. "I know that America will be proud of you almost as much as I," he said, clasping my hand. "Take good care of yourself and write often."

I was the last to get onto the plane.

On the way up the ladder, I told myself not to look back. But at the entrance I turned, and there was Father Werr in his summer uniform waving at me. That did it. I ran inside, took an empty seat, and cried. I didn't even notice our takeoff. I cried myself to sleep.

I don't know how many hours I slept, but when I awoke, the plane was not in the air. I could see the ground just outside the little window. Oh, this cannot be America

already! I told myself.

I was to meet a friend of Marge's at the Seattle airport. I looked around, but couldn't find her. I didn't see any big, beautiful cars or a shining city like I had seen in the movies.

A stewardess took my hand and said, "Come on, Joe, let's get something to eat, eh?"

"This is America?" I asked in a

disappointed voice.

"No, honey. We are in Alaska. We stopped here for refueling," she replied. "We will be here only two hours."

"How do you like flying, Joe?" she asked as we sat down to food.

"Very much. Someday maybe I become a good pilot," I told her.

"Wonderful!" the stewardess said. "Maybe then I can work for you?"

"No," I told her. "I am going to be a famous jet pilot, and jet pilots have no lady," I explained. Then I asked a question that had been bothering me. "You think Americans will like me?" "Why, of course," she replied. "Everybody in America likes nice little boys like you!"

"Maybe true, but I worry," I told

her sincerely.

"We have all kinds of people living in the U. S., Little Joe," she told me. "We have Koreans, Japanese, Chinese, Filipinos, Germans, Italians, English, Poles. We all live like a big family; we are all Americans, and you will be, too. I'm part Polish and part Irish," she finished, and watched my reaction. We talked until it was time for her to serve dinner on the plane.

After that I went around and talked to different people in the various seats. I was getting bored, so I made some paper airplanes and sailed them inside the airplane. One crash-landed on a sleeping man's nose. "Excuse me!" I said as I reached for it. He just laughed and went back to sleep.

Across from me I saw a grandma with her big black rosary. She had been saying it for hours, with her eyes closed, and moving only her fingers. I started to pray, too. I asked God to bless Father Werr, Marge, and all my friends back in Japan. I asked Him to help me in America.

About 9:30 P.M. the stewardess took me into the pilot's compartment. He and the co-pilot explained the different controls. "Soon you will see America, Joe," he told me.

I looked ahead and saw some lights. "I see America already!" I call-

ed joyfully.

"No, Joe, but this is almost Ameri-

ca," he explained. "Those lights are placed there for planes and ships."

By the time I got back to my seat, I could see more lights, then more and more. Some were colored and some were blinking. The stewardess told me to fasten my seat belt. America at last!

As we landed I was wishing it were daylight so I could see everything. America, my new country, I was about to touch. America, where everybody wants to live! I was so happy I could not wait. I wanted to jump out and touch the ground be-



fore everybody else! As I walked toward the airport gate, I had tears of happiness in my eyes.

M ISS PRISCILLA OSLER, Marge's friend, met me as I came through the inspection line. I remembered her; she had once worked at the service club. It was wonderful to see a familiar face. Some reporters crowded round us. "How do you like America, Little Joe?" one asked me.

How was I to answer that question? I hadn't seen any of the country yet. "I think I like it very much,"

I replied.

In the car we talked about Marge and Itazuke, but most of the time I was watching the long, glistening highway. We were going about 65, and that was a lot faster than I used to ride on those narrow roads of Korea or Japan. "Who wants to sleep?" I thought. I kept thinking about all I would do and see next day.

In the morning I took another plane to San Francisco, where I was met by Father Powers, the one who had helped me to get to America. He had come all the way from Scott Air Force base in Illinois to meet me and take me to Boys Town. We spent the rest of the day exploring San Francisco.

I was fascinated by the coin machines on the sidewalks. I had never heard of parking meters, and I was too embarrassed to ask anyone about them. I really thought it strange for people to put money into a machine that did not give out and merchandise.

We took the Super Chief from San Francisco to Scott Air Force base and from there caught a B-25 that was bound for Omaha, Neb. and would take me directly to my new home. The plane flew so low that I got a good look at the country. Our plane passed directly over Boys Town, circled it once, and then landed at a nearby air base.

"Dear Father Werr," I wrote. "Do you remember when I was in Japan I thought that money was the only thing that counts? But not any more. I really learned from you. You know why I thought that? Because I was poor and Korea was run by money. But now I have really learned about money-can't buy friends, can't buy love. If I don't have a penny on me I still am happy. I

learned that from you."

Six months had passed since I came to Boys Town and I had learned a lot. But I wasn't completely happy there. Many childish acts irritated me, like a boy of my age pouring a glass of milk into the beef stew at the dinner table for a joke. Or another one, throwing a bar of soap on the washroom floor and breaking it into pieces. "It's not yours. So shut up," one boy told me when I reminded him not to waste or damage property.

I shouldn't really have blamed the boys. It was just that I had bounced around the streets long enough to learn the value of goods. "They will grow up," I told myself. But again I was not altogether happy because I had come to live in wide-open America, not in a home for boys. Many times I regretted being grown

up beyond my age.

Then, during the first week of June, 1954, Father Werr visited me on his way to a new assignment in California. I told him that I didn't seem to fit in at Boys Town, and with Monsignor Wegner's permission we

decided that I should go back with Father Werr.

We went to Chicago by train and visited Father Werr's father and two sisters. Then we drove to Quincy college, at Quincy, Ill., where Father had taught before entering service. He told me I might go there after finishing high school. Father Julian Woods, o.f.m., the president, was very informal and as friendly as the

typical jolly friar.

On the way back to California I was able to see such cities as St. Louis, Kansas City, Tulsa, Oklahoma City, Dallas, Fort Worth, El Paso, Phoenix, and San Bernardino. I got a good idea of American urban life, and immediately began drawing comparisons with Korea. Although America is much bigger and richer, and has progressed much farther in science and culture, life is really not much different, basically.

With all these things in mind, I thought about what Father Werr had told me once. "God made the Koreans and the Americans equal. He did not give you an extra ear, nor me an extra eye." Then he added, "But remember, Joe, both God and the people on earth judge each of us by what he does in life."

Father's new post, Edwards Air Force base, was located in the middle of the great Mojave desert. Suddenly, in what seemed like the center of nowhere, we saw building after building. Seeing the air policemen at the gate reminded me of my life at Itazuke Air base in Japan.

We were given a nice air-conditioned apartment right behind a giant hangar. Each of us had his own room besides a nice living room and a little kitchen. We were just a few blocks from the officers' club, the base exchange, chapel, library, and snack bar. But the high school was 15 miles away, and I was the only student on the base, so no bus was available. But Father Werr drove me back and forth every day, five days a week.

The school, Desert High, accepted me as a 9th-grade student. I was about 15 years old in that fall of 1955, and the work I had had at Boys Town had bridged the gap from

the 6th grade.

I felt some pressure from my five high-school subjects: art, Latin, English, algebra, and band. Even with a private Latin tutor at home (Father Werr) I had a struggle in Latin class because of my English deficiencies. I also went out for junior varsity football. I had seen football games at Itazuke and at Boys Town, but I didn't know any of the rules. I now weighed 117 and was five feet, five; that made me the smallest player. I was really never much of a quarterback, but I liked football better than any sport I ever tried.

AT EDWARDS BASE, the chief work is to test all transonic and supersonic planes before they are officially put into use by the Defense department. Many parts of the base are top secret. Father Werr often used to get emer-

gency calls in the middle of the night, and he would dash out with his Extreme Unction kit. Several times I went with him to crash areas

or to the base hospital.

Often, too, I was asked to go with him to receptions for various important people who were leaving or stopping at the base. I would sometimes get the uncomfortable feeling that I was on display. I grew tired of hearing some American with a fancy cocktail glass in his hand asking, "Tell me, how does it feel to eat good food and wear nice American clothes?" Or, "Why are the Koreans so ungrateful for what our government has done for you?" Or, "My son died for your people. I want you to know that."

It was a good exercise in patience to reply as nicely as I could. "Korean people are very grateful for all the things you have done for them . . . . I am very sorry your son was killed in Korea; I am certain that he sacrificed his life for the Korean people and for his own country, America. . . . Yes, it is a blessing to wear these clothes and eat American food; I am very thankful to God . . . . I hope to go back to Korea some day; Korea needs many educated leaders."

Father Werr received a letter from Quincy college. His close friend, Father Julian Woods, the president, stressing the shortage of teachers, urgently requested him to return to the faculty. I was beginning to feel myself a burden on him. His driving me to school every morning at 8 and

picking me up at 5:30 must have been an irksome routine, I knew that I could not remain with him if he

returned to Quincy.

But, as usual, Father Werr worked something out. He arranged for me to stay with a wonderful family at Quincy, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Lenane, and got me enrolled in Notre Dame High school in that city. At last I was to know a typical American home life in a typical American community.

The Lenanes opened both their home and their hearts to me. For the very first time in my life, I knew what it was to have a place where

I belonged.

I was graduated from Notre Dame high in June, 1958, and am now a student at Quincy college. I was fortunate in having Father Werr's guidance all along—at least until very recently, when he was transfered to Briar Cliff college, Sioux City, Iowa.

Since January, 1959, I have had a new life—and I really mean a *new* life. It was then that I married Norma, a girl from Quincy with whom I had been in love for three years, the first two years without

knowing it.

For me, the end of this book is really a beginning. It is the beginning of a most promising new existence. After Quincy, I plan to enter law school, and with Norma's help I feel certain that I can work my way through. Who knows? Perhaps some day I shall return to Korea.



## CONFUSION OF TONGUES

The news editor of a large daily was doubtful about a report sent in by one of his local correspondents. It said that a farmer had lost 2,032 cows in a sudden thunderstorm. The editor picked up his phone and put in a long-distance call to the farmer. "I have a report here that says you lost 2,032 cows in the storm this morning," he said. "Is that figure correct?"

"Yeth," replied the farmer.

"Thank you," replied the editor crisply, and hung up. Then he picked up the correspondent's report and amended it to read, "John Jones, a local farmer, lost two sows and 32 cows in a sudden thunderstorm this morning." Lucille Goodyear.

×

Late home from work, red-nosed and bleary-eyed, the drunk staggered into the living room waving his empty pay envelope.

"Where's your check?" demanded the wife.
"Bought something for the housh," he replied.

"Like what?" she inquired.

"Ten rounds of drinks," he replied.

Pageant (May '60).

# Padre Pio

Review by Father Francis Beauchesne Thornton

тыѕ воок by Oscar de Liso is one we've all been waiting for: the complete story of Padre Pio's life. What the Church permitted to be written about Padre Pio up to now pertained to a discussion of the famous stigmatist's mind, balance, and charity, and his response to an almost intolerable flood of publicity and

curiosity.

That Padre Pio bears the simulation of our Lord's wounds in his hands, feet, and side is abundantly clear. The official evidence is equally massive that these signs have done nothing to upset his balance, humor, and heroic concern for mankind. He is not a hysteric. His pierced feet are very firmly on the ground; his days are spent helping the sick in mind and body. Positive charity in the confessional, and the fabulous hospital he has conjured up out of nothing, involve him in a daily round of duties that would daunt a man of greater strength.

Father Pio was born Francesco Forgione on May 25, 1887, in Pietrelcina in southern Italy. Pietrelcina was a mountain town of 3,000. Like the other hamlets around Campobasso, it had one noteworthy fea-

ture: poverty.

The Forgiones were as poor as their neighbors. By dint of hard work they scraped a bare living from their two small pieces of land.

Francesco, even as a child, was a great joy to his parents, because of his affectionate, compassionate nature. At five, he announced his vocation to be a monk. His father Orazio did not greet the announcement with the tolerant smile of most parents listening to childish ambitions, for the boy's seraphic absorption in prayer lent the announcement a tinge of prophecy.

During his first school years Francesco displayed little interest in learning. All this changed when it was discovered that the difficulty lay not in the child, but his teacher. A change in masters soon brought out

his quick brilliance.

Little by little, Orazio saved enough to pay his way to the U.S. He went to work on the Erie railroad at \$9 a week. He sent most of his earnings to Pietrelcina, happy in the knowledge that he was making his family more comfortable, and paving the way for Francesco toward the priesthood. Already, before his teens, the boy was setting himself harsh penances, one of which was

sleeping on straw in the cowshed.

Quick growth in the science of prayer marked Francesco's years at the Capuchin monastery at Marcone, where he made his novitiate. He was given to long fasts, one lasting 21 days.

It is scarcely remarkable that his health suffered. What is remarkable is that he recovered with wondrous ease each time he appeared to have reached the limit of endurance.

A highly comic interlude was the drafting of Pio in the 1st World War. He cheerfully donned the olive green uniform and went into service in a hospital. What follows after that is an amusing tissue of

cross purposes.

The visible stigmata came to Father Pio in 1918. A fellow friar of St. Mary of the Graces found him, unconscious, in the church before a crucifix. Blood from his hands, feet, and side made a wide ring on the stone floor.

The Church followed her usual careful procedure. Eminent doctors did their best to heal the wounds. Finally, in the reign of Pius XI, Father Pio was secluded from the

public for nine years.

Despite these precautions, Father Pio's concern for the suffering world flowed out beyond Italy. The Pope was persuaded, by unexplainable circumstances, that Father Pio should be allowed to see all those who came to him for help.

With the end of the 2nd World War soldiers from many nations

trumpeted Pio's fame to the world.

Pilgrims came to San Giovanni Rotundo in droves. Padre Pio spent endless hours in the confessional.

Pio had a great dream of a House for the Relief of Suffering to be built on the side of the mountain near the monastery. Fiorello La Guardia, as head of UNRRA, advanced the first \$340,000. The remainder of the \$5 million necessary to complete the 500-bed hospital came from Father Pio's admirers everywhere in the world.

"Padre Pio is 73 years old," says De Liso. "He bears the stamp of age lightly on his face—a face composed, peaceable, and enduring. His expression is above all deeply reflective, although at times it bears a look of profound fatigue. Out of the brown bandages and half gloves which he wears tightly bound around his palms, his fingers, finely tapered, look extremely fragile and seem weightless."

Padre Pio is published by McGraw Hill, New York City, at \$4.95 (but only \$2.95 to Catholic Digest Book Club members). To join the club write to: Catholic Digest Book Club, CD 11, 100 6th Ave., New York City 13. See announcement

inside back cover.

Our Lord's Life, Catholic Digest Book Club selection announced in our November issue, is published at \$6.95, not \$3.95 as stated. Book Club members receive this book for \$2.95.



Non-Catholics are invited to send in questions about the Church. Write us, and we will have your question answered. If yours is the one selected to be answered publicly in The Catholic Digest, you and a person of your choice will each receive a ten-year subscription to this magazine. Write to The Catholic Digest, 2959 N. Hamline Ave., St. Paul 13, Minn.

# What would you like to know about the Church?

CONDUCTED BY J. D. CONWAY

### THE LETTER:

To the Editor: Suppose that in communist countries poverty and ignorance had been the rule and progress heartbreakingly slow—wouldn't we say: "That's communism for you!" So if I looked with pity at the Irish, Italians, Cubans, and Spaniards whose wretchedness I saw in my 1958 world tour, was I unfair in thinking: "That's Catholicism for you!"?

If you use my question, I'd like to get two copies of The Catholic Digest each month, one of which I will pass along to my minister.

R. Charras.

## THE ANSWER:

Your question, Mr. Charras, is phrased so politely that I am sure you would not be deliberately unfair in your thinking. Whatever unfairness people might read into it comes from the fact that you speak in idiomatic terms. By this I mean that the words you use imply a great deal more than they express. Most people would infer you are saying that poverty

in those countries is the result of the Catholic faith of the people, that in some way their Catholic faith makes them lazy, indolent, and lacking in industry.

Now a sort of over-the-backfence type of answer would be that a country like Belgium is Catholic and right now one of the most prosperous countries in Europe. The same is true of West Germany and the Catholic part of Switzerland. As for Spain, that country, of course, had its age of glory when it had only England as its rival for the supreme position in world power. It was Catholic before, during, and after its years of pros-

perity.

The Irish have to go back to the real dark ages, the 9th and 10th centuries, for their day of glory, when their monks preserved the masterpieces of Western literature, philosophy, and religion. The rest of Europe was pretty well in a state of chaos. Ireland alone had the peace and prosperity to preserve Europe's culture.

I'm certain, Mr. Charras, that when you went through Italy, if your trip included Rome, your first reaction must have been something like mine. When I was a boy I didn't exactly move in refined or highly educated circles, and in my 4th-grade class there were a number of Italian boys, just over, who didn't speak English very well, who didn't have very good manners, who were obviously wretchedly poor, and consequently looked down upon "Wops." My reaction at the first sight of Roman architecture was also in idiom: "And they call the people who built all this Wops!"

But I'm sure that all this occurred to you already and your real question goes deeper. First of all, in regard to your parallel with the communist countries, let's stop to realize that communism is basically an economic

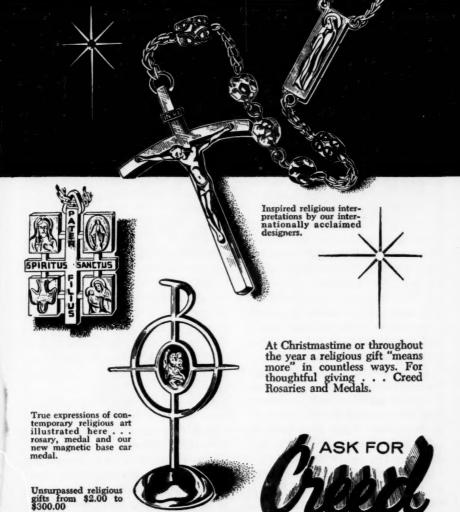
system. Catholicism is essentially a religious system. The purpose of an economic system is to build up material wealth. The purpose of a religious system is to turn the minds of people away from wealth to the spiritual things of the next world. If the communist system resulted in poverty for the people we could say that it failed. Granting for the moment that Catholicism did result in poverty for the people, we could not call it a failure because it never had wealth for the people as its object. Incidentally, the great reason for communists' hatred of all religion is that religion does take the minds of the people off of the pursuit of wealth. You can't get people to become slaves of an economic system devoted to providing them with material benefits if they want something better than material benefits-in the case of the Christian religion an everlasting life after this one is over.

We have, of course, to explain here that another point of conflict between the Catholic Church and communism is the matter of private property. In theory the communist economists deny the individual the right to own anything personally, although it has been found impossible to put that idea into complete execution. As a matter of fact, the Church today in her teaching on economics stands almost alone in insisting on the right of private property. The tendency in both England and the U.S., as well as the Scandinavian countries, is toward a



## CHRIST IS CHRISTMAS





America's Finest Sterling Silver Religious Gifts

If you are unable to find that special Creed item of your choice, ask your religious store to order it for you.

community of property through the setting up of the welfare state. The writers and theorists on economics today are not so much for or against private property as they are simply indifferent to the whole question. This, I suppose, is because in our modern great corporations the wealth is produced by managers rather than by owners. The stockholders may own the business but management

makes it productive.

I think, Mr. Charras, your letter also seeks to know what the attitude of the Catholic Church is toward poverty and wealth. There are many texts in the New Testament, many of them spoken by our Lord Himself, which seem on the surface to indicate that Christ was for the poor and against the rich. In St. Luke: "Woe to you that are rich, you have your consolation. Woe to you that are filled, for you shall hunger." We have the story of the rich man Dives and the poor man Lazarus. When they die, Lazarus goes to heaven and the rich man goes to hell. Our Lord's conversation with the rich young man counsels the giving up of riches.

In the earliest Christian community in Jerusalem there seems to have been an actual community of goods. Everyone put his wealth into a common fund and all the Christians lived from that. They lived on their capital; they were not at all concerned about the production of wealth (most probably because they expected the second coming of Christ in their own time). These texts and this

early history led to a lot of writing on the part of the Church Fathers which amounted to diatribes against the rich.

In the Middle Ages some of the very first Franciscans believed in absolute poverty. They thought it best to live in destitution; to live from meal to meal without any permanent shelter or homes. St. Thomas, arguing from the fact that the individual person exists for the sake of the community, said that his possessions also must be at the disposal of the community. Cajetan, a commentator on St. Thomas, asserts that should a rich man refuse to dispose of his superfluous wealth, the ruler of the community would be officially entitled to take it away from him and give it to the needy.

Very soon the Catholic doctrine crystallized at a kind of median point. Pope John XXII, for instance, condemned the proposition that Christ preached absolute poverty. On the other hand, Pope Nicholas III approved of Religious taking the vow of absolute poverty. Between these two decisions the Catholic idea that poverty is spiritually good but not absolutely necessary for salvation became clear.

Catholic teaching distinguished three grades of life. Some men live in wealth and luxury, some live in poverty, and some live in destitution. Those Religious who attempted to live in a state of destitution soon found that a man who was chronically hungry and at the mercy of the



# THE TREASURED LIFETIME GIFT

No gift will be more appreciated than this magnificent prayer book and missal by America's outstanding churchman. It has sixty-eight prayers by the Saints and holy lovers of God, Ordinary of the Mass, favorite Novenas and special prayers for every spiritual need.

5 Fine Bindings at \$3.50 - \$4.75 - \$6.50 - \$10 - \$12.50 **Bridal Edition in White Leather \$15** 

### REALITIFUL NATIVITY SETS

Imported figures, exquisitely colored.	
12 figures, 4" high, with stable	4.95
20 figures, 4" high, without stable	5.95
20 figures, 5" high, without stable	7.95
20 figures, 5" high, with stable	14.95
20 figures, 6" high, without stable	13.50
20 figures, 6" high, with stable	21.50
20 figures, 8" high, without stable	21.50
20 figures, 8" high, with stable	31.50

Shipped Express Collect





full 42 inches high. Startling new colors, complete with flame tip lamp, cord and plug. Set of two. Express Collect....\$9.95 10 inch single, all plastic candle, prepaid......\$1.50 Illuminated Plastic Angel, completely

waterproofed, for indoors or outdoors. Height 31 inches. Express collect. \$5.95

## MUSICAL NATIVITY SET

Beautifully detailed in metal, bronze finish. Music box plays "Adeste Fidelis." Height 51/2"; width 61/2". Postpaid.....\$8.50

BOX OF 21 RELIGIOUS CHRISTMAS CARDS. Postpaid 95c NEW 1961 CATHOLIC ART CALENDAR .... Postpaid 50c

Write for new, illustrated Christmas Catalog

## WARD O'TOOLE CO., INC.

NEW YORK 7, N. Y. 19 PARK PLACE DEPT. CD-12

weather could not really pray well he could not develop any religious life. His extreme mortification prevented him from lifting up his mind to God.

Thus it was that even the extremists in the cause of poverty found it necessary to live in a Community which for all practical purposes guaranteed them security in the matter of food and shelter. The principle of nonownership of anything was preserved by putting the title to necessary worldly goods in the name of the Community and denying that title to any individual. "Poverty" then took on a special meaning. Man could be truly poor and yet be provided with necessities of life. As long as he had no luxuries or superfluous material possessions he could call himself a poor man. The wealthy, of course, were those who had more than they or their immediate dependents needed for sustenance and shelter and who had what is called in modern language the "finer things of life."

This is the present Catholic teaching. The man who has wealth and the management of affairs is necessarily distracted by them from the pursuit of spiritual things. The man who is destitute of all material things can likewise not be expected to pursue the spiritual life. Those, however, who are poor in this special sense—having necessities of life—are free from the worries that go with the management of wealth and free from the distracting pains that come

with destitution. You perhaps remember, Mr. Charras, the old story of the tourist who found the Mexican peon dozing away the afternoon in the sunlight. Their conversation ran like this.

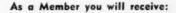
"Juan, why don't you get a job, work, earn some money?" and Juan's answer was, "What for?" The tourist said, "Well, after you've worked, saved long enough, you can retire." "And then," said Juan, "I'll be able to spend my afternoons dozing in the sun. Thank you. I'm already at that stage."

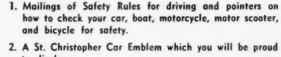
Now this, of course, is not the Catholic ideal either, but it does show that even on the economic plane material wealth is not the concern of everyone. There are tribes, the Tuaregs of Northern Africa, for instance, who live in what would be to us Americans an abject state, but they wear their rags with pride and think it the noblest state of man to have his time free for what, again to us, would be pointless conversations. It is perhaps in response to this element in our human nature, as well as to the spiritual motives that the Church teaches, that the golden mean of life is a state between wealth and destitution, that poverty (again in our special sense of having the necessities of life) is the best state for men conscious of a destiny in another world.

But even all this does not get to the bottom, or should I say the background, of your letter. There are writers who have pointed out that it

# WHY DON'T YOU BECOME A ST. CHRISTOPHER SAFE TRAVELER?

What is a St. Christopher Safe Traveler?
It's You as a Member in the St. Christopher Safety League.





- to display.

  3. A St. Christopher Key Case with your Membership
- A St. Christopher Key Case with your Membership Number imprinted in case of loss.
- A St. Christopher Driver's Prayer as a reminder of your responsibility to others while driving.

# WHAT THE ST. CHRISTOPHER SAFETY LEAGUE IS STRIVING TO DO

The St. Christopher Safety League is sponsoring a nationwide effort to curtail the causes of our rising highway deaths. Encourage the "St. Christopher Safety League" efforts by participating as a Member in their program to stop unsafe drivers from endangering the lives and property of others. The League needs your help and belief in their motto: "Drive Safely . . . only God has the right to take a life."

IF YOU CARE ENOUGH ABOUT SAFE DRIVING . . .

CARE ENOUGH TO BE A ST. CHRISTOPHER SAFE TRAVELER!

Membership
Can Help You
Qualify
for The Low
SAFE-DRIVER
INSURANCE
RATES

Enclosed please fin	, key case, and d	re Dame, Ind. ership, plus my personal river's prayer in the St.
Name		
Address		
City	Zono	State

ST. CHRISTOPHER SAFETY LEAGUE

is the "Protestant spirit" which has led to the excesses of capitalism and to the more or less world-wide belief now that man is under some kind of moral obligation to make money.

R. H. Tawney in his book Religion and the Rise of Capitalism quotes a pamphleteer of 1671. "There is a kind of natural unaptness in the Popish religion to business, whereas in the countries among the Reformed, the greater their [religious] zeal, the greater their inclination to trade and industry.... The domestic interest of England lieth in the advancement of trade by . . . . giving liberty of conscience to all Protestant non-conformists and denving it to Papists."

From this belief developed the idea that "business is business" and that business should not be interfered with too much by ideas to the effect that poverty was a good thing. The list of capital sins includes both covetousness and sloth, and while this developing "Protestant spirit" did not deny that covetousness was a danger to the soul, it regarded sloth as a far greater danger. St. Paul had written to Timothy that the love of money is the root of all evil. But gradually the conviction grew that man's desire for material wealth was not an enemy to his soul's progress but a help. A Christian was not to be one of a community like that early one in Jerusalem whose only concern was the just division of what the people owned as a community; his preoccupation should be with the

production of more wealth. What the early ages of Christianity regarded as social vices emerged as economic virtues. Acquisitiveness became a moral virtue. Poverty became a vice.

In England between 1640 and 1660 there was some kind of depression which considerably increased the number of paupers. Parliament passed an act for the relief and employment of the poor and punishment of beggars. Vagrants were to be arrested and given the choice between work and whipping, and even children without means of maintenance were to be put to work.

The economic difficulties of the poor were not to be solved by giving them what they needed but by forcing them to labor. To be poor became equivalent to being a criminal, and with this new twist of morality the acquisitive man felt righteous.

I think, Mr. Charras, that both you and I know people today with ideas very similar to these. There was something of a parallel between men who thought this way and the communists of today. Both make the gaining of material wealth the chief object in life. The communist does that without any appeal to any moral principle; in fact, he regards any moral principle as an obstruction on the way to his brand of Utopia.

The new 17-century businessmen did act on a moral principle, but it was one quite in divergence from the traditional Christian ideals. It culminated in a kind of absolute capitalism, the excesses of which we

saw in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Children six years old worked in the textile mills of our own New England and slaved in the coal mines of Wales.

If this were a high-school debate, Mr. Charras, I would turn to you at this point and say, "That's Protestantism for you." But I won't. It would be unfair. It was not any of the key doctrines of Protestantism, justification by faith alone, for instance, or the Bible as the exclusive rule of faith, which caused this monstrous injustice to children. It was a perversion of the centuries-old Christian ideal of charity by covetous men, rationalizing their avarice, that caused it. So I would have to say that the "That's Catholicism for you" in your letter is unfair in its implication that the Catholic faith is responsible for the wretchedness you saw.

The Catholic faith is not in favor of destitution for anybody. It teaches that the destitute have a right to share in the superfluous wealth of the rich. It has to leave the enforcement of its teaching to the good will of those it attempts to teach. Depressions, like times of prosperity, seem to come and go in the world as well as in countries. Sometimes they are short and sometimes they last for centuries. After all we had a really bad one here in the 30's, and I never heard of anyone blaming it on the predominant Protestant faith in this country or, for that matter, on any religion at all.

## RELIGION ON 12" LP RECORDS

You should hear them.

## Single records \$5 each 3 or more at \$4 each Full refund if not satisfied



This story of St. Francis and first Christmas crib is graced with masterful music. Reverse of jacket has colored pictures of persons, birds and animals in its dramatization.

All the friends of Blessed Martin de Porres will want to have this 40-minute recording. It dramatizes the life of this noble Negro, patron of social justice for all men.





The exciting story of St. Vincent includes pirates and adventure, but mostly love for God and man. Album has book of 72 full color pictures to look at while you listen.

This award-winning record dramatizes the life of St. Bernadette. A pilgrimage to Lourdes is on Side 2. Album has book with 140 pictures, mostly color, to bring story to life.



Three records that your family will treasure for years; sung and narrated by Dominican Friars.



We have of Christian These 12" records tell the story of Our Lady and her Divine Son. The beautiful jackets are in full color.

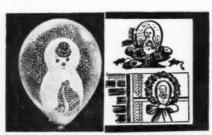
I Sing of the Maiden Sing We Now of Christmas The Passion (in English) Each \$4.25 postpaid All three for \$11

Father Gales, Catechetical Guild 260 Summit Avenue, St. Paul 2, Minn.





500 NAME-ADDRESS LABELS, 25¢! 500 gummed economy labels printed with ANY name and address or ANY wording up to four lines, just 25¢. 1½" long. In plastic gift box, 35¢. Five-day service. For superior quality, order Gold-Stripe labels. De luxe paper—rich gold trim—up to four lines. Set of 500, 50¢. 2" long. In plastic gift box, 60¢. 48-hr. service. Postpaid. Money-back guarantee. Walter Drake, 4012 Drake Bldg., Colorado Springs 11, Colo.



2-IN-1 "SNOWMAN" BALLOONS for children, party and holiday decorations! Inside balloon with "Snowman" visible through outside balloon with snowflakes. Big—15" tall. 4 for only \$1 ppd. Add 10¢ for air mail. Gift brochure. Candles of the Month Club, 5134 Mercer, Houston 5, Texas.



IRISH LINEN guest towels with quaint thatched cottage scene brighten your towel racks. Boxed in pairs, green or yellow. Set of two, \$2.95 plus \$.25 postage. HMG Co., 431 East Lake St., Wayzata, Minnesota. Ask for free catalogue of colorful gifts from Ireland for year-around gift giving.



FAMILY COAT OF ARMS

YOUR FAMILY has a coat of arms to display proudly on this distinctive wallshield, hand painted on copper, mounted on polished wood base. Choice 10,000 names. Sizes: 10" x 7", \$22.95; 14" x 10", \$39.95. HMG Co., 431 East Lake St., Wayzata, Minnesota.





SET OF TWO THREE DIMENSIONAL

## Sacred Heart Plaques

These are truly magnificent plaques of Jesus and the Blessed Mother. Not pictures, but copies of original Italian carvings in high relief, in beautiful gold finish. Overall size 7" x 8". Quantity prices on request to fundraising organizations. Send check or M.O. We pay postage. BOTH plaques......\$5.98

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

The Artisan's Workshop, Inc. 160 Ellicott Street CD, Buffalo 3, N. Y.



'SLEEP-TEACHING' MACHINE. Called the Electronic Educator, this amazing new device trains and teaches at both the conscious and subconscious levels. You read or play recorded material into the microphone, recording it on special endless tape cartridges holding from one minute to two full hours of tape.

This tape repeats itself endlessly until your message is memorized. Machine will record, play back and erase. Has timer and slumber speaker for sleep-study. For full details plus unusual free 200-item catalogue of educational courses for sleep-study, write: Sleep-Learning Research Association, Box 24-CT, Olympia, Wash.



The ORIGINAL high-fashion, "picture window" umbrella—now in matching mother-daughter sizes, SEE-BRELLA guards safety with golden glamour: You look through, not under, when rainy winds blow! Golden steel frame, gold color binding, gleaming gold-flecked plastic handle dress up any outfit. Strong, heavy-gauge, crystal-clear vinyl shakes dry, no soggy drip. Each has handy rain bonnet in pouch on chain, choice of gold initial (specify). Clearly, the gift for any woman or girl, Woman's: \$4.95 Girl's: \$4.50 The pair: \$8.95 Add 35¢ each for shipping. Order the pair!

## Exclusively—BRADFORD'S, INC. BOX 535-M1 ENGLEWOOD, N.J.



PARENTS OF 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th GRADE STUDENTS

Help them get ready for exams!

"HOW TO PREPARE FOR HIGH SCHOOL ENTRANCE AND SCHOOL ENTRANCE AND EXAMS," plus 5 test and answer books in English, Math, Religion Review, Social Studies and Science, All 6 for \$10.00.

"HOW TO PREPARE FOR COLLEGE ENTRANCE TESTS," plus 3 test and answer books in Intermediate Algebra, American History and World Backgrounds, and English IV. All 4 for \$6.50.

Send check or money order only to: YES BOOKS, Dept. C., 6 Railroad Way, Larchmont, New York.

## Cathy's Corner . . .

A GREAT IDEA for rainy-weather golfers! "Picture Window See-Brella," a 52-inch mate to see-through umbrellas pictured above. \$10.95 plus 50¢ postage, complete with vinyl case. Bradford's, Dep't C6, 255 Queen Anne Rd., Bogota, New Jersey.



TRAVELER'S RING ROSARY. Ideal Christmas gift to salesmen, servicemen, nurses, commuters. Made of finest stainless steel. LIFETIME GUARANTEE not to rust, stain or wear out. Can be carried, said anywhere, any time inconspicuously. \$1 each. ALGRET ENTERPRISES, Box 584, Appleton, Wisconsin.



UNSTOPPING DRAINS MADE EASY. This handy new invention puts all hot or cold water pressure through clogged drain. Your troubles melt away. Attaches to garden hose. Order now. \$1.50 postpaid. Underwood Import, 24296 Hesperian Boulevard, Hayward, California.



PEOPLE 60 TO 80 may still apply for \$1000 legal reserve life insurance. No salesman will call. Inquire by sending postcard, stating year of birth, to: Old American Insurance Co., Dept. L1279M, 4900 Oak, Kansas City 12, Mo.



INVESTIGATE ACCIDENTS. Earn up to \$860.00 per month. Or earn from \$4.00 to \$10.00 per hour EXTRA in your spare time. No selling involved. No merchandise to buy. For details and free book, write to: Universal Schools MCA, 6801 Hillcrest, Dallas 5, Tex.

### CHRIST CHILD IN CRIB



GINA & SELMA, INC.
Dept. CD 12, 1048 Lexington Ave.
New York 21, N. Y.

Beautifully handmolded figure of the infant Christ in wax, resting on real straw in wooden crib. Imported from Austria.

Crib sizes:

5 ¼" long . . . \$4.25 6 ¼" long . . . 4.85 8 ¼" long . . 6.95 10 ¼" long . . 8.95 \*11 ½" long . 15.50 \*15" long . . 20.00

\*Available with Swiss music box playing "Silent Night" and an other hymn: \$22.50, \$32.50, \$42.50.

## Cathy's Corner . . .

FOR A PRETTIER YOU. . . . A year 'round beauty calendar of makeup, hair styles, diets and grooming by Babs Lee, former beauty editor of Vogue magazine. \$1.00 ppd. from Babs Lee, Box 121, Highland Park, N.J.

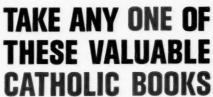
A NEW BEAUTY BATH for your jewelry. "Brilliance" makes your jewelry sparkle and is kind to your skin because it's free from caustic elements. In handy powder-filled envelopes, complete with jewelry brush, only 35 cents at drug and department stores and at notion counters everywhere.











**WORTH UP TO \$10.00** 



FREE

LIFT THIS FLAP AND TAKE YOUR CHOICE OF THESE INSPIRING AND ENTERTAINING CATHOLIC BOOK VALUES with brief trial membership



CONSPIRA

**BUSINESS REPLY CARD** 

No Postage Stamp Necessary if Mailed in the United States

CATHOLIC DIGEST BOOK CLUB 100 SIXTH AVE. NEW YORK 13, N. Y. FIRST CLASS Permit No. 40999 New York, N. Y.





## On National Best Seller Lists! DISTANT TRUMPET By Paul Horgan

This powerful novel of Frontier days will keep you gripped with breathless excitement. The setting is a lonely U.S. Cavalry outpost in the scorched Arizona desert. Here's Lieutenant Hazard, torn between duty and love to his flighty young bride; Colonel Prescott, devout Catholic, confronted with overpowering moral decisions; Jessica his wife, who had been banished by her stern father; and other moving problems of character and emotion. "A Distant Trumpet" is the work of a master storyteller, a book that has the sweep of history, the drama of heroism and cowardice-as well as episodes of delightful humor.

Publisher's Price \$5.75 #1

DeLuxe Edition, Publisher's Price \$10.00

A Wonderful Offer To Demonstrate How the Catholic Digest Book Club enriches and inspires the lives of every member of the family - and saves you money!

YES! You may have any one of these outstanding Catholic best-selling selections (retail value up to \$10.00) absolutely free with a brief trial membership in the Catholic Digest Book Club! This is our way of showing you how the Club is dedicated to bringing you the very best books at BIG SAVINGS - books ideally suited for all your family's spiritual nourishment and reading entertainment. Consider these advantages of membership:

- 1. You save up to 50% Any Club selection you choose to accept will be billed to you at the special Member's Reduced Price of only \$2.95 plus postage. These selections are new, currently popular, complete FULL LENGTH books which sell in the publisher's editions for as much as \$5.00, sometimes \$6.00. Occasionally the Club will offer extraordinary and very costly books (retailing for \$10.00 or \$12.00); such volumes will be given to members at only \$3.95 — at a cash savings of \$6.05 to \$8.05!
- 2. You're never obligated to accept a book each month - only 4 future selections dur-

ing your entire first year — as few as you wish, or none at all thereafter!

- Each month you receive FREE illustrated Club bulletin "The Key" which describes the forthcoming book selection.
- 4. Reject any book you don't want simply by returning the post-card always provided with "The Key" each month for that pur-
- 5. Books you'll be proud of This Club is run by experienced priests and laymen. It is the largest Catholic Book Club in America because it brings you books you can proudly share with your family, friends, and relatives - to enrich and inspire your life as well as theirs!

Take Any One of These Hard-Bound Inspiring Volumes - Absolutely Free! Let your family enjoy the many benefits of membership in the Catholic Digest Book Club. Send for any one of these wonderful volumes (retail value up to \$10.00) FREE - and begin your membership right away. Just mail coupon today!

Catholic Digest Book Club 100 Sixth Avenue, New York 13, N.Y.



THE KINGDOM **Genevieve Caulfield** 

The incredible adventures of a blind American girl who went to the Orient to help

THE WEB OF

CONSPIRACY

By Theodore Roscoe

With 55 Pages of Photographs

Exciting mys-tery novel-pre-

sents new, se-

cret evidence

on Lincoln's

assassination.

others. An exultant story of hardship, courage and suspense! Publisher's Price \$4.00 #3

Publisher's Price \$10.00 #4



INSIDE THE VATIGAN BY Corrado Pallenberg With 33

Illustrations Filled with fascinating facts ican and the

Publisher's Price \$4.95



THE LAST HOURS OF JESUS By Fr.

Church!

Raiph Gorman, C.P. You are an eye - witness of the Divine Passion of Our Lord . . . see and understand its deepest meaning!

Publisher's Price \$3.95 #6





#### THE BOOK OF MARY BY Henri DANIEL-ROPS ILLUSTRATED IN FULL COLOR

Contemporary testimony and ancient texts bring the Blessed Virgin to warm and luminous life for you!

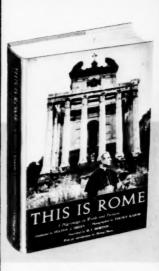
Publisher's Price \$4.95 #8



#### A CANTICLE FOR LEIBOWITZ By Walter M. Miller, Jr.

This extraordinary novel, set about 3000 AD, combines science fiction trappings with a devoutly Christian message.

Publisher's Price \$4.95 #7



### THIS IS ROME

A Pilgrimage in Words & Pictures Conducted by **FULTON J. SHEEN** 

Photographed by Jousuf Karsh Described by H. V. Morton Incudes a personal audience with Pope John XXIII at the Vatican!

Publisher's Price \$4.95 #2

#### MAIL COUPON TODAY

## CATHOLIC DIGEST BOOK CLUB, Dept. CD-12

100 Sixth Avenue, New York 13, N. Y.

Ship me postpaid and free of all charges the book indicated below, and enroll me as a Trial Member of the Catholic Digest Book Club. Each month I will receive FREE the illustrated "Key" which describes each feeth catholic Digest Book Club. which describes each forthcoming selection. I may reject any selection by simply returning the postcard always provided for that purpose. As a trial member, I need accept as

few as 4 future selections during my first year-and as few as I wish, or none at all, thereafter. For each selection I choose, I will pay only \$2.95 plus postage, even though retail value may be \$4.00 to \$6.00. Thus I save up to 50%.

WRITE	800K	NUMBER	HERE	

#### SPECIAL BARGAIN OFFER -3 BOOKS FOR \$2.95

I have selected 3 books indicated below under the terms stated above. I will pay \$2.95 (plus shipping) after I receive the books.

WRITE	BOOK	NUMBERS	HERE

_	-	 7	
	- 11	- 11	
	- 11	- 11	

NAME

ADDRESS

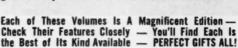
CITY AND ZONE

STATE

Offer good in U.S.A. and Canada only. In Canada, put this card in an envelope, mail to: 1184 Castlefield Ave., Toronto 19, Ont.

# For Christmas Giving

Gifts to be cherished...Choose From These Outstanding St. Joseph Missals and Catholic Bibles





ARTCRAFT Edition \$9.95 DELUXE Edition \$19.95

ST. JOSEPH DAILY MISSAL
... truly the finest, most
up-to-date, easiest-to-follow Missal. Extra-large
type, Confraternity Version, contains over 50 full
color illustrations. Simplified arrangement.

ARTCRAFT Edition \$5.95 DELUXE Edition \$12.50

ST. JOSEPH CATHOLIC MANUAL . . . new illustrated guide to Catholic Devotions, with Novenas, Mass Prayers, the Sacraments, the Church Year explained, Practical Dictionary. Over 1000 pages. 157 full color illustrations. ARTCRAFT Edition \$5.95 DELUXE Edition \$12.50

for Arteraft Bible, \$18.00 for Deluxe Bible.

NEW CATHOLIC PFCTURE BIBLE Over 100 thrilling Bible stories for boys and girls. Helps them to know and enjoy the Bible. Page after page of striking color illustrations. Easy to understand. Durably bound in cloth. Only \$4.95

ST. JOSEPH "CONTINU-OUS" SUNDAY MISSAL... revolutionary new arrangement now lets you follow the Mass without turning back and forth. Each Mass complete in one section. 50 color illustrations, large easy-to-read type. Confraternity Version.

ARTCRAFT Edition \$5.95 DELUXE Edition \$12.50

ST. JOSEPH SUNDAY MISSAL . . . the traditional Sunday Missal. Over 25 unforgettable color illustrations, Latin-English Ordinary, Confraternity Version. GENUINE LEATHER GOLD EDGED EDITION ONLY \$5.95.





## IMMEDIATE DELIVERY! We Mail Within 24 Hours of Receipt of Your Order!

ACI NOW! MAIL COUPON TODAY	
Catholic Craftsmen Guild, Inc., 225 W. 34th St., New York 1, N. Y. CD-Send at once the book checked below. I will examine the edition for 10 days without cost. If dissatisfied, I will return the edition and the entire transaction will cost me nothing. If satisfied, I will begin payments of \$2.00 a month until the full price plus postage is paid. 10-Day Trial offer is limited to one book. If you wish more than one book, kindly send full payment with order. Money back guarantee.	
Name	
Address	
City	
1. Holy Bible Artcraft \$9.95 Deluxe \$19.95 2. Catholic Picture Bible \$4.95 3. St. Joseph Daily Missal Artcraft \$5.95 Deluxe \$12.50	
4. St. Joseph Continuous Sunday Missal Artcraft \$5.95 Deluxe \$12.50  5. St. Joseph Catholic Manual Artcraft \$5.95 Deluxe \$12.50	
6. St. Joseph Sunday Missal  Genuine Leather \$5.95	
TO SAVE: Send full payment now and save postal and carrying charges. Send \$5.00 for Artcraft	

